



GLEANINGS from a

BUSY LIFE

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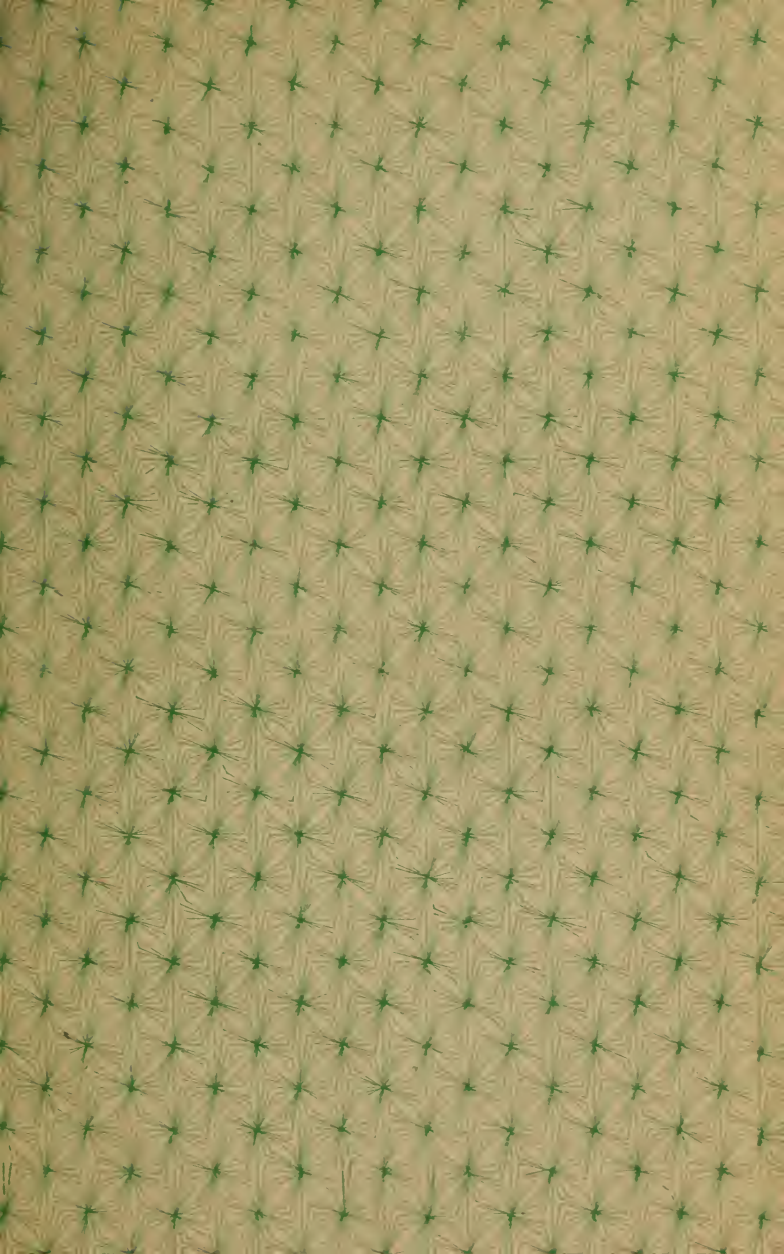
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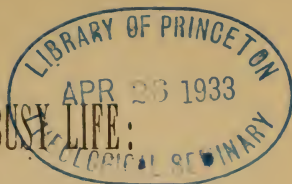




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✓  
GLEANINGS FROM A BUSY LIFE:



OR,

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT;

AND

OTHER POEMS,

✓✓ BY

WILLIAM NEWTON, D. D.,

Pastor of the R. E. Church of the Sure Foundation,

WEST CHESTER, PA.

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## PREFACE.

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Go, Little Book ! Amid the strife  
And bustle of this restless age ;  
Speak lovingly the words of Life  
To all who pause to note thy page !  
In unobtrusive ministry,  
Be it thy silent work, to be  
To them what thou hast been to me.  
Gently as comes the evening dew  
Distilling on the fainting flower,  
Be it thy mission to renew,  
In drooping souls, the secret power  
That thrills the spirit when the light  
Of God's own Truth dispels the night.  
Let in the sunshine. Paint the clouds,  
With rainbow beauty from above ;  
And bid the darkness that enshrouds  
Their lives, catch the first light of Love,  
As, rising sunlike on the soul,  
It tells of Him who makes us whole !

W. N.

WEST CHESTER, PA., October 23d, 1888.



# THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.

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## A FRAGMENT.

---

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*  
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     \*                \*                \*                \*                \*

The Ark and the Mercy-Seat now, are no  
more ;

The light has gone up from the Cheru-  
bim there ;

The work of the priesthood of Aaron is  
o'er,

And the site of its glories is lonely and  
bare,

*But the truths which they figured, Oh !  
these shall abide,*

Unchanging and bright, as the Sun in  
his place.

For Christ is the body, through whom are  
supplied,

The Life and the Soul of these symbols  
of grace !

## I.

The Sun's declining rays were shed,  
In fading light on Sinai's head ;  
As Israel in their tents abode,  
Around the Symbol House of God.  
Moses the Sacred Building rears :  
    And as the Structure stands complete,  
The Pillar of the Cloud appears  
    To mark it for its purpose meet !  
A Pillar ! For its base is spread  
    Above the camp ; and resting there,  
It toweringly lifts up its head  
    Into the fields of upper air !  
Compact and firm, it seems to stand  
As granite shaft, on solid land.  
And yet a *Cloud* ! As light as those,  
    On which, as sinking in the West,  
The parting Sun its splendor throws  
    In beauty on their radiant breast !  
Each tribe in its own place, appeared ;  
And each, its separate standard reared.  
Each moved or halted, as the sign  
Above them, spake the will divine.  
Eastward, the camp of Judah lay ;\*

\* Num. ii : 2.

Reuben upon the South,\* held sway;  
Ephraim upon the West,† commands;  
While Northward,‡ Dan arrays his bands.  
Above the Tabernacle, rose

The Pillar of the Cloud; by day  
A shield: to guard them from their foes;  
A Guide: to lead them on their way;  
And 'neath its calm and heavenly light,  
They rested through the hours of night!

## II.

This from without; but all within  
Was veiled from mortal view.

Aaron alone might enter in

These "figures of the True."

He comes to the Most Holy Place,  
To symbolize His work of grace

Whose Blood can cleanse from sin.

See! how with reverent steps and slow,  
And mitred forehead, bending low

He calmly enters in!

How grand, how glorious is the sight,  
That bursts upon his eye!

There's not a ray of earthly light

\* Num. ii : 3.

† Num. ii : 10.

‡ Num. ii : 25.

For mortals to descry ;  
No burning lamp ; no Sun's bright ray ;  
And yet, serene and fair,  
One sacred, high and cloudless day  
Reigns in full splendor there !  
'Tis the Shechinah's glorious light  
Between the Cherubim ;  
Unveiling thus to mortal sight,  
The blessedness of Him  
Who took our frame and flesh, to be  
The Manifested Deity ;  
And bring the ransomed of our race,  
To dwell in light before His face !

## III.

But now the cloud is rising. See !  
With what a stately grace  
It takes its course ; and silently  
Moves from its resting-place !  
Oh ! many a heart, with joy, beats high ;  
And gladness beams in many an eye,  
As thus, before their sight,  
Their heavenly Guide leads on the way ;  
And shows them, where to march by day,  
And where to rest by night !



It moves! And everywhere you see  
 The camp in motion. Reverently,  
 The sons of Aaron spread  
 The Covering Veil upon the Ark :\*  
 The hosts are in their order led ;  
 And Judah marches first. But, hark !  
 The Silver Trumpets' grateful sound  
 Is heard through all the camp around.  
 And as their notes, now low, now high,  
 Peal through the air, serene and clear ;  
 Their Leader's voice, melodiously  
 Falls on expectant Israel's ear !

Rise up, O Lord !† in Thy dread robe of  
 splendor !

Make all Thy foes flee, like shadows  
 away ;  
 But be to Thy chosen, a Guard and De-  
 fender—

A Shield in the contest : a Guide for the  
 way ! .

#### IV.

And thus they journey.‡ Wheresoe'er  
 The cloud pursues its way,

\* Num. iv : 5.

† Num. x : 35.

‡ Num. ix : 16-23

They go, without one thought of fear ;  
And where it rests, they stay ;  
Alike where Eim's palm-trees grow,  
Or Marah's bitter waters flow.  
And, as they rest, their Leader's prayer  
Sounds out again upon the air :  
Return, once again,\* to Thy chosen, return ;  
And cause them to rest 'neath the wings  
of Thy Love ;  
Let the Cloud in its glory above them still  
burn ;  
And the Light that directs them be Light  
from above !  
And as we read the record o'er,  
We find new beauties to explore ;  
New views of Truth ; which, pearl-like, lie  
Dim and unnoticed, till the light  
From some new angle meets the eye,  
And gives its colors to the sight !

## V.

And thus the eye of Faith—though we  
May not the hand that guides us, see—  
Yet thus the eye of Faith discerns

\* Num. x : 36.

A real guidance, And it turns,  
As turns the glass, to sweep the sky;  
And, bringing heavenly objects near,  
Places them full before the eye,  
In star-like beauty calm and clear!  
Art thou a Christian? Then, where'er  
Thy pathway opens, Go!  
Thou need'st not have one thought of fear,  
Or dread the strongest foe.  
Unseen thy Saviour journeys near;  
And when thou dost not know,  
He'll make each tangled question clear—  
And doubts to knowledge grow!  
Clouds may surround thee? Still, the Sun  
Lies back of them. They only hide  
Its brightness till their work is done;  
When, all forever put aside,  
They'll cast their shade and darkness o'er  
The landscape of thy life no more!

\* \* \* \* \*

The flower must have the light of day;  
And, as it drinks the Sun's bright ray,  
It gives it back a little while  
In its sweet breath and beauteous smile.  
But, when God's hand prepares the gem,  
That sparkles in the diadem;

It is not in the gairish day,  
Where sunbeams flash, and dewdrops play,  
He calls its splendors into birth.  
But in the darkest caves of earth.  
Slowly He forms it—and His year  
Counts ages for a single day—  
And nations rise and disappear ;  
And empires flourish and decay ;  
While, far down in earth's deepest mine,  
God's Hand prepares the brilliant gem,  
In its resplendent light to shine.  
So, when to grace *His* diadem,  
He seeks His jewels to prepare ;  
How long He seems in trouble's night,  
To thrust them from His love and care ;  
And all their fondest schemes to blight !  
Does He forget them ? No ! They lie  
Clearly defined before His eye.  
He is but seeking to fulfill  
The purpose of His gracious will ;  
That purpose is, in light divine,  
To set them all before His face ;  
In the Redeemer's Crown to shine,—  
God's brilliant Koh-i-noors of Grace !

## VI.

We change the aspect of our theme.

For Israel now, by Jordan's stream,

Looks out with wondering eyes !

Judea's Palm groves, far away,

Their rich magnificence display ;

Judea's mountains rise—

Carmel and Lebanon are there ;

Dispensing perfume on the air,

And beauty to the sight.

While Sinai, Tabor, Hermon, too,

Their towering summits lift to view,

As carved against the light !

Stretching in open space between,

The ripening harvests, on the scene

Their gentler beauty throw ;

While hill and vale, and fertile plains

Tell of a land where plenty reigns,

And milk and honey flow !

But Jordan—swollen to full height—\*

Rolls down before them in its might,

No bridge, no boat, no raft, is there !

*How shall they cross it ?* Everywhere,

\* Josh. iii: 15.

Throughout the host, this question's heard !  
And still there comes no answering word !

\* \* \* \* \*

The fourth day rises, calm and clear,  
And now, what words are these we hear ?  
Assume that we are present ! Hark ?  
'Tis the command, *Take up the Ark,*  
*And pass ye over !* Tremblingly,

The priests obey ; and from its place  
Taking the Ark, move silently,

With the two thousand cubits space\*  
Between it and the host. With slow  
And firm and thoughtful steps they go.  
*Their's* not to reason of the way,  
But simply God's command obey.  
*His is the work*, His to provide  
Their safety from the threat'ning tide,  
How anxiously their course is scanned.  
How earnestly the little band  
That bears the Ark, the burden shares  
Of Israel's hopes and Israel's prayers !  
Onward they move, nor turn aside  
From human fear or human pride ;  
Right onward to the Jordan's brink,

\* Josh. iii : 4.

They press, they falter not, nor shrink ;  
Though the next step will bring their feet,  
Its dark and swollen waves to meet !  
There was no sound—no spoken word—  
Yet, from the presence of the Lord,  
    Backward the waters fly.  
In his full flush of swollen pride,  
And seeking where his waves to hide ;  
    While Israel's God is nigh ;  
Jordan sweeps backward from his banks,  
And leaves to Israel's awe-struck ranks,  
    A clear and open way !  
With reverent air and solemn tread  
The priests march through the river's bed,  
    And pausing there, delay,  
Till all their tribes in safety stand,  
Marshal'd on Canaan's promised Land !

## VII.

It was a glorious sight. Below,  
The severed waters onward flow.  
Above, they rage ; and wildly toss  
Their arms on high, but cannot cross  
The line drawn by Jehovah's hand.  
That wall of waters. See them stand  
    Piled up on heaps that seethe and glow ;

Yet powerless, ere He gives command,  
To take their place below !  
Meanwhile the tribes with martial tread,  
With bands arrayed and standard spread,  
Cross safely. What have they to dread ?  
For while the Ark its place retains,  
They who are on the Jordan's bed,  
Are safe as those on Canaan's plain !  
The *Ark's* their safety. While it tells  
Their gracious God is near ;  
Vainly against them Jordan swells,  
Or ambushed foes draw near !

\* \* \* \* \*

Between the cradle and the grave,  
There's many a Jordan spreads its wave ;  
Whose dark and angry waters roll  
And press to overwhelm the soul ?  
It sometimes seems to mortal eyes,  
God fails His promise to redeem ;  
And all of peace and safety lies  
The other side of Duty's stream.  
What shall we do ? *Press calmly on !*  
Thousands before us thus have gone ;  
And all unite to say,  
That, as their feet sank in the tide,  
Either its swollen waves divide



To furnish them a way ;  
Or Jesus, by their side, hath stood,  
To make His word of promise good.

Oh! think you a mother forgetful can prove,  
Of the babe she has nourished? Yes,  
*she* may forget!  
But, to reach to the depths of my Covenant  
Love,  
There never was measure or line for it  
yet!

The Jordan of trial your path may o'erflow ;  
The floods of deep waters about you may  
roll ;  
But fear not to tread where I call you to go,  
For the Word of my Truth is the staff  
of your soul !

My promise I never will fail to redeem ;  
Go down to the waters ; I'll meet with  
you there,  
The Ark of My Presence shall turn back  
the stream,  
Or else, o'er its billows in safety, I'll  
bear! .

And thus like Moses, with the Land  
Of Promise, spread before his eye ;  
I've seen the dying Christian stand,\*  
While Faith brought heavenly objects  
nigh.

How sweet the vision it displays  
In living light before his gaze !  
How calm the trust, how strong the tone,  
That calls the promises his own ;  
And as he nears the swelling flood,  
*Expects* to see them all made good !  
Well I remember one, who died,  
Thus, in the bloom of maiden pride !  
She passed, not suddenly away,  
But lingered, in a slow decay.  
Her hope was like the Evening Star,  
Which—rising with the setting Sun—  
Shines out more brightly from afar,  
The nearer that the day is done.

\* I was younger then than now ; and really believed that Canaan was a type of Heaven.

Of course, a very beautiful picture can be made out of this figure—while we manage to *overlook the facts of the case* ! For the truth is, that Israel's fighting days commenced with the passage of the river. And, for myself, I must be allowed to hope, that I shall find *my* Canaanites *this side* the Flood. I long for "*Sweet rest in Heaven* !"

How clear and radiant was the light,  
With which it shone upon our sight,  
And its bright beamings in her eye,  
Assured us, *Jesus still was nigh* ;  
And one might e'en expect to hear  
Angelic music stealing near !  
In Jordan's midst, she seemed to stand,  
And view, by faith, the Promised Land ;  
And thus she calmly passed away,  
As fades the sunbeam in the West ;  
And, closing thus, her life's brief day,  
Sleeps, sweetly, on her Saviour's breast !

VIII.

And now, the hosts of Israel stand,  
Safely within the Promised Land !  
At length, their feet are on the sod,  
First given them by their father's God.  
Its *Title* stands in sovereign grace ;  
But they, themselves, must win their place,  
By conquest o'er the evil there !

A decorative pattern of small, dark brown asterisks scattered across a light beige background. The asterisks are arranged in a sparse, irregular grid-like fashion, with some appearing in pairs or small groups. The overall effect is a subtle, textured background.

Before them, tall, erect and fair,  
The groves of Palm-trees, on the air,  
    Their gentle fragrance throw ;  
While nestling 'neath their lofty crest,  
Strong walls and towers and dwellings rest,  
    And royal splendor show.  
Far off, the haze-clad mountains rise ;  
And rippling streams bear rich supplies,  
    To fields in verdure dress'd :  
And Canaan, to their wondering eyes,  
    Displays the Promised Rest !  
The City of the Palm-trees there  
Bursts on their vision, strong and fair,  
Claiming amidst them all, to stand,  
First of the cities of the Land ;  
Serene and strong, she seems to rest  
A sparkling Gem on Canaan's breast !

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*           \*  
\*           \*           \*           \*           \*           \*

A strange report is on the air ;  
And now, the bravest warriors there,  
Throng her broad walls, with eager eye,  
The wondrous pageant to descry !  
Is *that* the Man, of Israel's God,  
Before whose wonder-working rod  
    The Red Sea shrunk away ?

Are those the men before whose stride  
Jordan rolled back in sullen pride

To yield them open way ?

What means this strange procession ? See !

There's neither sword nor spear,  
Nor banner spread for victory,

Nor martial engine here !

With stately step and measured tread,  
In serried ranks, with bending head,

Around the walls they go.

No sound is breathed upon the air

From all the thousands marching there

Before the wondering foe !

In silence, each his station takes ;

In silence, each the circuit makes ;

And all, by One o'erpowering will,

Are held in their obedience still !

Six days behold the host, repeat

What seems unmeaning show.

And, as the seventh day dawns, the feat

Is once more acted, to the slow

And measured tread of thousands. See !

With trumpets of the Jubilee\*

\* The words in the Hebrew are *Shopheroth Yobelim*—trumpets of Jubilees. The name in the text refers to the form of the trumpets.

Seven priests their station take  
Before the Ark ; and reverently  
The vast procession moves ! Its way  
Is pointed from above ; and they  
Once more the strange command obey ;  
Once more the circuit make  
Of the fair city lying there,  
Unconscious of the gloom,  
Which, as that circle narrower grows,  
Still in increasing darkness, throws  
The shadow of its doom !  
Six times, in silence deep and dread,  
With solemn air and martial tread ;  
Each man, with sword upon his thigh ;  
Each camp, with standard lifted high ;\*  
The host, its march renews ;  
And the doomed city, wonderingly,  
The strange procession views !  
But, when the priests their trumpets blew,  
And the last circuit close,  
The mighty host its meaning knew—  
And such a shout arose,  
As if the unseen powers of air  
Had marshaled all their forces there

\* There were four camps, with three tribes in each, Num. ii : 3.

To hurl on Israel's foes.  
 Untouched by stroke from human hand,  
 The fairest city of the land  
 Before its captors falls ;  
 And Israel, turning in their ranks,  
 March up its flower-embroidered banks,  
 And o'er its prostrate walls !

*	*	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*

One, only *one*, of Israel's band  
 The Lord's command defied,  
 Took of the treasures of the land,  
 And in his trespass, died.\*  
 And Achan's sin and Achan's shame,  
 May well a passing tribute claim !  
 He sought to hide it. Can there be,  
 Within the earth's wide space,  
 A spot where we may secretly  
 Convey our sin ; wipe out its trace,  
 And say, *It's safe?* No ! Every eye  
 Will turn the secret to descry ;  
 And voiceless things will cry aloud—

\* Josh. vii : 25-6,

And unseen hands will lift the shroud,  
That hides the buried sin from sight ;  
And drag the guilty one to light !  
We see the answer. There he stands !  
The Guilty One of Israel's band.  
Confronted by that daring crime,  
That dooms his ill-starred name to be  
Hung out before all coming time ;  
Gibbeted in Man's memory !

## IX.

At length, the land has rest. No more  
The fields are red with hostile gore.  
No more are heard the sounds of strife ;  
The struggle for a nation's life  
At last has ceased ; and Israel stands,  
Confessed the Victor ; while the bands  
Of Canaan's warriors shrink away,  
And join, no more, the hostile fray.  
By lot<sup>3</sup> divine, each tribe receives  
Its own inheritance ; and lives  
In its own borders. But no more,  
The voice of their great Leader swells,  
In trumpet-tones upon the ear ;  
Or, in its calmer accents, tells  
The words *He* wills them all to hear.



His form lies silent in the grave :  
And all the signs, Jehovah gave,  
To seal his ministry, have fled ;  
As fades the memory of the dead—

And *who* their influence can restore ?  
And Canaan's sins have come to be,  
Entwined in Israel's history.

The outward forms of worship, still  
Their place, in each day's duties, fill.  
Still, from the Brazen Altar, rise  
The flames of daily sacrifice.

But, o'er the Mercy-Seat, no more,  
Glows the Shechinah, as of yore.  
Gone is the splendor of its light ;  
The Ark itself is wrapped in night ;  
And, sounding o'er the hallowed shrine,  
No more is heard the voice Divine ;  
Hushed are its counsels ; all unheard,  
Its guiding or restoring word ;  
And darkness, with no light of grace,  
Falls thickly round the Holy Place !

And years pass by. And darker grows

Israel's transgression, and the rod  
Of judgments gathering o'er them shows  
The marks of an offended God !

But Grace prepares the means to bless,  
Where all is lost by wickedness.

## X

An Hebrew mother brings her boy,  
An offering to the Lord ;  
And in the fullness of her joy,  
Owns the sweet pledge restored :—  
“ *Lent to the Lord* ; he shall be Thine,  
As long as he doth live ;  
And all my love might claim as mine  
In him, to Thee I give :  
Sealed to Thy service here, to show  
What blessings from that service flow !  
Through him shall Thy most gracious voice  
Sound in our midst once more ;  
And faithful souls in Thee rejoice—  
Their Everlasting Store !  
Thy poor shall be completely bless'd ;  
And all the world shall see,  
That they alone can safely rest,  
Who surely trust in Thee ! ”

And now a vision pure and deep,  
As ever dawned on poet's sleep,  
Upon the page appears ;

We gaze with wonder, and confess  
How much of its sweet loveliness,  
Sparkles through dew-like tears?  
In Shiloh, God had fixed His Seat ;  
And all the rites that made  
His service at the first complete,  
Were here, again arrayed.  
Perfect in beauty—but no more  
They tell of an unbounded store  
Of Grace and Truth, whose meaning lies  
In unknown forms before their eyes.  
Radiant with light ; whose beams in vain,  
Seek entrance in their hearts to gain ;  
As shadows faultless ; but no eye,  
Sees the great Truth, whose outline there  
Lies in these forms of mystery,  
To point the hope, or prompt the prayer.  
Still in its outward form, complete,  
No glory crowns the Mercy-Seat.  
The Body perfect—but no sign,  
Or movement tells of Life divine !  
In stately robes of beauty dress'd,  
The frontlet on his brow ;  
The high priest bears upon his breast,  
All Israel's thousands now.  
For in the Breastplate's jeweled face.

Each tribe by name, appears :  
Stands in its own appointed place ;  
And in *his* priesthood bears  
Its own relation to the Blood,  
In which His chosen people stood.  
But, o'er that Breastplate play, no more,  
Those beams of heavenly light,  
That made its radiancy, of yore  
A wonder and delight !  
The ancient glory of the Place.  
Where God had deigned to be  
Found in the workings of His grace,  
The priest, no more, could see !  
Still, in one dull routine, he goes ;  
And still the stream of service flows,  
When all its life had fled ;  
Still, still, unthinking, he pursues  
One beaten path ; and still renews  
Death's service for the dead !  
Meanwhile, as comes the dawn of day,  
In the first tint of early gray,  
Appearing in the East ;  
So light, amid this darkness springs ;  
And promise makes of better things,  
As Samuel, the Child-Priest,  
Begins his work of minist'ring,

The lowliest and the least !  
Taught only, at his mother's knee,  
Scarce conscious what he heard ;  
The youthful Prophet, wonderingly,  
Felt life's deep fountain stirred,  
As, musing in the Holy-Place,  
He found these symbol Lights of Grace,  
Could, to his spirit's view,  
Dim outlines of the Unseen trace,  
As shadows of the true.  
Oh ! think not Truth's most subtle strain,  
In childhood's ears is told in vain.  
Harp-like, the spirit may resound  
With many a low, sweet, voiceless sound ;  
And leaving much untold  
May still interpret truths, that lie  
Too deep for human scrutiny,  
And their best sense unfold !  
For, like the germ within the flower,  
The soul of truth may lie  
Unconscious ; waiting for the hour  
Whose sun-like ministry  
Shall bid the unseen truth arise  
As flowrets do 'neath genial skies.

## XI.

Eli had lain him down, to sleep ;  
And, in the shadows still and deep  
    Around the Holy-Place,  
Samuel, with calm and peaceful breast,  
Had sought the boon of childhood's rest,  
    And found its needed grace.

The Lamp of God was burning low ;  
And all things told the silent, slow,  
    Deep waning of its light ;

When, breaking on the startled ear,  
A deep voice, musical and clear  
    Rang out upon the night.

*Samuel !* it called ; and Samuel heard ;  
And, at the unexpected word,

    But with no thought of dread ;  
At once, to Eli's couch he ran,  
And touched the venerable man.

    “ I called thee not,” he said ;  
“ Go to thy rest again !” and he  
Without reply, obediently  
Went to his couch : But hark ! once more  
That deep voice sounded as before ;

    And, only wondering why  
Eli should call him to his side,

When he, so late, the call denied,  
And thinking but of *him*, replied,  
“Thou call’dst me. Here am I!”  
“I did not call, my son!” he said;  
And, mute with wonder, to his bed,  
The child returned—but not to sleep.  
For once again was heard that deep,  
Melodious voice; which to his ear  
Came, as from one unseen, but near:  
*Samuel*, it called! and twice the word  
Rang through the Holy-Place.  
Not yet did Samuel know the Lord;  
Not yet had he received His word,  
Or known His pard’ning grace;  
And thinking but of Eli, ran  
And touched once more the aged man;  
“Nay, nay!” he said, “for thou didst call,  
And I am here again!”

At once, a light began to fall;  
Revealing in its train,  
What Eli could not but recall,  
Yet feared to entertain.  
Was it *His* Voice that called the child?  
It must, indeed, be He.  
That thought, alone, could clear the wild

And startling mystery  
That hung about it ! “ No ! ” he said ;  
“ I called thee not. Go to thy bed :  
And if again, that voice is heard,  
Answer to the inquiring word,  
Speak ! for Thy servant heareth, Lord ! ”

Oh ! radiant is the morning dew,  
When Spring's first opening rose  
Begins, to our admiring view,  
Its beauties to disclose.  
But never yet, to mortal sight,  
Did opening flower convey  
Such beauty, as when first the light  
Of God's own Truth makes way,  
For its unfolding in the soul,  
That opens to its sweet control,  
In Childhood's dawning day.

So Samuel answered, as he heard  
Again, that thrice repeated word,  
*Speak, for thy servant heareth, Lord !*  
And then as tolls the funeral bell,  
Words, clear and deep, sound forth the  
knell  
Of Eli's gathering doom ;



Words with no soft'ning touch of grace,  
Seemed to fill all the sacred place  
    With darkness and with gloom.  
For he, the Father, Ruler, Priest,  
    With tripple power supplied,  
To bring the greatest and the least,  
    Obedient to his side,  
Looked on as if he heeded not ;  
    While on the priesthood's name,  
His sons affixed the damning blot  
    Of infamy and shame !  
And judgments, from the hand of God,  
Prepared them for the chast'ning rod !

## XII.

So, years passed on ; and Samuel grew  
    A prophet of the Lord ;  
And all the tribes of Israel knew,  
    That the Revealing Word  
In Shiloh's Tent appeared once more,  
In Symbol Presence, as of yore ;  
That once again, the voice divine,  
    In accents low and sweet ;  
Sounded from out the glorious sign,  
    That crowned the Mercy-Seat !

The living service of their Lord,  
In the Child-Prophet is restored !

## XIII.

But War is raging. Israel's might  
Fails, in this now unequal fight,  
The victory to win.

Back of Philistia's hostile bands  
Unseen by human vision stands  
The doom of Israel's sin.

It gives its strength to every stroke ;  
It bends their necks beneath the yoke ;  
And with the blood of thousands slain,  
Enriches all the battle-plain !

Again the conflict rages : now,  
More fiercely than before :  
The fields are drenched ; the brooks run  
red,

With freshly streaming gore.  
Still, at one point, the battle tide  
With fiercer force is rushing ;  
And strength, by human hate supplied,  
Through human hearts is crushing.  
And then there burst so fierce a yell,  
Upon the startled air ;

As if the very fiends of hell,  
    Were massed in conflict there.  
And shields were cleft; and banners rent,  
And steeds and riders madly blent  
    In deadly overthrow.  
Still, still that cry unceasing goes;  
And still the tide of battle flows,  
    Upon the unyielding foe!

At last the conflict lulls. But hark!  
    That shrill, despairing cry  
Proclaims to Israel, that the Ark  
    Had lost the victory.  
What brought it there? God's sacred sign  
    Of covenanted grace;  
What brought it to the battlefield,  
    From its appointed place?  
Man's empty thought, that outward signs,  
    Could living power bestow!  
Or that the *Symbol Ark* could work  
    Discomfort on the foe!  
Still through the ages, men had planned,  
    The outward Rite to place,  
In substitution for the grand  
    And living work of grace!  
But painted lightning could, no more,

Its path in glory trace ;  
Or shadowy props support the wall,  
Threatened with danger of its fall !  
No ! Life alone, can life bestow !  
And outward Rites can only show  
As Object Lessons, to the eye,  
The grand and living mystery—  
*God, in communion with the soul,*  
*Can, as an end of strife,*  
*Subject it to this sweet control,*  
*And fill it with His Life !*

## XIV.

Eli forebodes the worst. And now,  
Dark shadows rest upon his brow ;  
Fears for the Ark disturb his rest ;  
Conscience of evil shakes his breast,  
With overmastering dread ;  
He trembles for the Ark of God ;  
Shrinks from His now extended rod,  
And bows his hoary head,  
In meek acceptance of the doom,  
That sends his loved ones to the tomb :  
Out from the priesthood wipes his name,  
And clothes it with perpetual shame !  
See ! There he sits ! Old ; feeble ; blind ;

With form bent forward ; head inclined ;  
And leaning on his staff, to hear  
Whatever might, to hope or fear,  
    Its strength or solace bring ;  
When, suddenly, upon the air,  
Loud cries of terror and despair,

    Out from the City ring !  
Forerunners from the fatal field,  
Had Israel's overthrow revealed ;  
And sorrow sits on every brow ;  
And every arm is powerless now,  
    And every heart oppressed ;  
And Eli, struggling with his fear,  
Signs to the runner to come near,

    And tell to him the rest :—  
With garments rent, and on his head,  
The roadside dust and ashes spread,  
    The runner tells his tale—

“ Israel is vanquished ! On the plain,  
Thousands unburied now remain ;  
Hopni and Phineas, too, are slain—”

The old man's cup is full ; but still,  
He drains it with unfaltering will  
To the last dregs. But when he heard  
The runner add his last, sad, word  
About the Ark of God ; in vain,

The struggle longer to retain  
The mastery of himself. The ear,  
One low, deep, anguished cry could hear ;  
One sharp, heart-broken wail ;—  
And Eli's spirit to his God,  
Went forth, as backward on the sod,  
His body lifeless, fell ;  
Mute witness for the truth of God ;  
And charged, of His avenging rod,  
To future times to tell—  
His Sin had met him face to face,  
And with its deadly doom,  
Had clothed him with the deep disgrace,  
Of a dishonored tomb !  
Poor, weak, old man ! Too weak to hold  
The reins of judgment, on his bold,  
And wilful sons ; or, in the Name  
Of Israel's God, His Word proclaim !  
Yet still he loved the Ark ; and still,  
He served it with a gladsome will.  
Dearer than all that Life could give,  
He held the privilege to live  
In its sweet service and employ ;—  
One fatal weakness, on the joy  
That else, would have possessed his soul,  
Entered its claim—and marred the whole !

## XV.

With dance, and songs, and shouts of joy  
Philistia's camp is ringing.  
And tribute to their idol god,  
Philistia's lords are bringing !  
The Ark of God is borne aloft,  
In triumph by its foes ;  
And straight to Dagon's Temple, see !  
The vast procession goes.  
And placed before its altar there  
The sacred Symbol stands ;  
As if the very Truth of God,  
Were in the idol's hands !  
*Was* it indeed ? Was this the end  
Their glorious past was meant to reach ?  
God's dealings with them—did they tend  
No higher truth than this to teach ?  
Had Egypt's lessons ended here ?  
Was the Red Sea an empty show ?  
Had Jordan failed them, in the clear,  
Outspoken truths it taught them ? No !  
Eternally those truths remain :  
And sooner shall the starry plain  
Pass into nothingness ; and Earth  
Forget the laws which from its birth,

Ruled every motion, than one word,  
Shall fail, of all that Israel's Lord  
Had spoken to them! Rest we here;—

The shadows, for a time, may hide  
The landscape from us. But the clear,  
Unclouded radiance shall abide

*Back of the shadows:* and restore  
The splendors of the day, once more.

## XVI.

The morning sun rose bright and clear;  
And Dagon's priests, from far and near,  
Are hast'ning to his temple; there,  
Fit rites of worship to prepare.

But sudden anger fires the crowd;  
And imprecations, deep and loud  
Burst from them! *Dagon overthrown?*

Their idol prostrate on his face,  
Before the Ark! Seems it not clear,  
Some other Power was active here,

Than that which men can trace?  
Some other Will had this decreed;  
Some other Hand had done this deed,

And hurled him from his place!  
But soon back to that place, once more,  
Did willing hands their god restore;



And turning thence away,  
In mute expectancy abide  
Whate'er disclosures might betide,  
Upon the coming day?

The morning rose ; and with it came  
The truth they dread to hear ;  
That Dagon might, a thing of shame,  
Before their eyes appear.  
And soon his temple's open door  
Revealed that truth. There ! with his face  
Upon the temple's floor,  
He lies dismembered ; in disgrace  
Before the Ark, once more !  
There, too, cast on the threshold, see !  
His head and hands mysteriously  
Sharing that unseen stroke that gave  
His cause to a dishonored grave !  
So, there he lies ! Poor ; abject ; mean  
In the ridiculous excess  
Of folly, that could seek to screen  
Such impotence from the express  
And stern rebuke of men deceived  
By that in which they most believed !  
But yesterday the Ark appeared  
To them an empty name !

To-day? By thousands it is feared,  
As vested with a claim  
Of matchless power ; which—silently  
As lightning from a cloudless sky—  
Smites home with the avenging rod,  
Of things that do the will of God !

## XVII.

The men of Ashdod, in their grief,  
Cry out for succor and relief.  
The Ark of God abroad they bear  
From place to place ; but everywhere  
It spreads the same, o'ermastering fear.  
Its mere *approach* awakens dread :  
And heavy judgments, far and near,  
Fence it about, with silent tread,  
And as the months pass slowly by,  
Bursts forth from all the land—

*“ Send back the Ark of Israel's God  
That we, no more may feel His rod,  
Or tremble 'neath His hand ! ”*

Philistia's lords that call attend,  
The priests and the diviners lend  
Their presence, aiding to devise

Whatever course may seem most wise  
And prudent to pursue.  
In high debate, their voices blend ;  
And shape, as the ulterior end,  
This thing for them to do ;—

*“ The Ark must be returned ; but so,  
That we, beyond all doubt, may know,  
It was no chance that laid its hand  
Upon our god, our homes, our land.”*

Due preparations then were made ;  
The Ark on a new cart was laid ;  
A trespass offering too, encased  
In a gold coffer then, was placed  
With solemn reverence by its side ;  
Two kine were in their places tied  
To draw the cart ; while kept behind,  
Their calves were in their stalls confined.  
And thus they stand, prepared to bear  
The Ark to its own place ! But where ?  
No voice directs them where to move ;  
And Nature, by their yearning love  
For their own offspring, bids them go  
Back to their stalls ! But will they ? No !  
A stronger power turns them aside,

From native fields to paths untried ;  
O'er which, with measured steps and slow,  
They journey—lowing as they go !  
Straight on to Bethshemesh,\* they bear

    Their sacred burden ; nor delay,  
To crop the road-side grass ; or share  
    The grateful shade, that skirts the way !  
And thus, o'er valley, plain and hill,  
They hold their course unchecked, until  
They reach the village harvest field,  
Where they their sacred treasure yield !  
Their work was done. And so they stand  
As if awaiting the command,

    That urged them all their way ;  
Whether it called to toil or strife,  
Or ended service with their life—  
    Theirs only to obey !

## XVIII.

It is wheat harvest ; and to-day  
The fields put on their best array ;—  
The golden grain waves to and fro ;  
Or falls in many a measured row

\* A village to the North of Judah, belonging to the priests.  
*Josh. xv. 10.*

Before the reapers' tread.  
Young men and maidens intervene,  
To add fresh beauty to the scene,  
And banish thoughts of dread.  
With gladness, every breast is stirred ;  
When lo ! a rumbling sound is heard,  
Of wheels upon the sod ;  
At once each reaper's form is raised,  
And every one looks up amazed  
To see the Ark of God.  
No human voice directs their way,  
Or bids them where their course to stay ;  
But just beside that Stone,\*  
Which, altar-like its form uprears,  
*There*, 'mid the reapers' deaf'ning cheers,  
Their wonderous work is done !  
With willing hands and reverent air,  
Down from the cart the Levites bear  
The Sacred Symbol, and prepare  
The fitting rites of worship. There !  
That Stone, their altar could supply ;  
The cart, the wood might yield ;  
Their Temple's roof, the vaulted sky ;  
Its floor, the harvest field !

\* 1 Sam. vi : 14.

And soon the flames of sacrifice  
Were seen ascending to the skies.  
And gladness thrilled thro' every breast,  
That Israel, now, in peace, once more,  
Beneath His outspread wings could rest,  
As had their fathers done, before!

## XIX.

Through varying scenes of light and shade,  
The progress of the Ark was laid.  
Their unseen God seemed ever near,  
To deepen love or heighten fear :  
As faith or unbelief supplies  
The thought that prompts their sacrifice?  
In the sweet radiance of his claim  
*To faithfulness in every trust,*  
Samuel had gone ; but left his name  
The fragrant memory of the just,  
And History, on her tablets, bears  
No names, that with such beauty show,  
How, from a Mother's faith and prayers,  
Such rich and varied blessings flow !  
Saul too, had ended his career,  
But left behind a tarnished name ;  
Unhallowed by devotions tear ;  
A thing of darkness and of shame—

No circling radiance round it glows ;  
No power of blessing from it flows ;  
No honor to the Ark was paid ;

No grateful memory for its past  
Of glory, on his people laid—

Self-willed and faithless to the last ;  
Unblest his own high path he trod ;

And went, uncalled for, to his God !

Then David came. His ruddy face,  
His stalwart form, and manly grace,  
Seemed to suggest exalted place.

Raised to the throne, he stood confess'd,

First monarch of his day ;

And, o'er the nation God had bless'd,

Held undisputed sway !

Each intimation of the will

Of Israel's God constrained him still :

His highest wisdom was to be,

With *that*, in perfect harmony !

His name, His honor, and His word

Held the first place ; and Israel's Lord

Was sought too—and not sought in vain—

Thro' the long period of his reign !

Fixed on his throne, without delay

All Israel gatherd at his call,

In most magnificent array,

To carry up the Ark. And all  
That kingly power could do to show  
The glory of its past ; and throw  
A sense of greatness round it, he  
Achieved, with joyous loyalty !  
The silver trumpets' sweetest strains ;  
The lute's soft notes ; the cymbal's  
    sound,  
Mingling with voices from the trains  
Of earnest worshipers around,  
In sweetest harmony, proclaim  
The praises of Jehovah's Name !  
And so, with music, dance and song,  
And every outward trace  
Of joy, the Ark is borne along,  
Up to the Holy Place.  
And as it gains its station there,  
These words ring out upon the air ;—  
Rise up, O Lord ! from thy seeming  
    repose !  
Arise, and be known from the Ark of  
    Thy rest !  
Shine forth in Thy light and Thy splendor  
    for those  
Who blest with Thy love, are of all  
    things possessed !



Let Thy saints in the garments of joy be  
arrayed !

Let Thy priests, in the robe of Thy  
righteousness shine !

At the workings of ill, let them not be  
dismayed ;

And the light that surrounds them, be  
glory divine !

## XX.

So years passed by ; and wealth and fame  
Added fresh splendors to his name.

Surrounding nations own his sway,  
And tribute to his greatness, pay.

But earthly power looked sweetly down,  
From his exalted place ;

And found its glory and its crown,

In that grand scheme of grace,  
That sought before Creation's birth,  
To save the ruined sons of earth.

The everlasting Covenant stood,  
Sanctioned and sealed in Jesus' blood ;

And, by its counsels, all divine,  
Messiah, in the kingly line

Of David, was to David given ;

The Second Man, the Lord from Heaven !

Thus David grew ; for all his powers,  
Tree-like, unfolded in the light  
Of God's own Truth—or summer flowers,  
“Crescent by moonlight”—and his sight  
Of heavenly things grew strong and clear,  
As faith brought unseen objects near.  
Each phase of the believer's life ;  
Its joys, its peace ; the inward strife  
With unseen foes, that seek to win  
His members to the work of sin,  
And hold dominion o'er them ; this—  
With the sweet touch of quiet bliss,  
That thrills the spirit when it knows  
Each conflict is with *vanquished* foes,  
That seek to gain their lost control,  
And conquer, e'en the ransomed soul ;  
But flee at once before the sign  
Of trusting in the Name divine—  
All this was his ; and in the strains  
Of the sweet singer still remains,  
A royal legacy of song,  
Our wants, our cravings to supply ;  
And as the ages roll along,  
Tell of the Love that cannot die !

## XXI.

Speak low ; as for a father's shame.  
For guilt besmears that honored name ;  
And secret sins cry out to God,  
And call for His avenging rod.  
Mourn o'er his fall ! But let no claim  
Of a false pity seek to hide  
The blackness of his guilt ; or frame  
Suggestions, that would turn aside  
His condemnation. For the sin,  
That unexpelled, still lurked within  
His members ; waiting for its hour,  
Finds it at last ; and wond'ringly,  
Conquers by *unresisted power*,  
*And gains permitted victory !*

Where shall he now his guilt bestow ?  
Where hide his fearful secret ? See !  
Through Earth's wide range, above, below,  
There is no single spot where he  
May safely hide away his sin.  
Earth will not take his secret in !  
Silent as Thought : with cat-like tread,  
Unseen, it follows on his path ;  
And makes the living and the dead,

Secret detectives of his wrath,  
Before whom sin can ne'er abide ;  
Or ever from His presence hide !  
And years may pass, and mortal eyes  
May fail the guilty one to trace :  
When lo ! the buried sin will rise,  
And meet the sinner face to face !  
But not for this did David wait ;  
Or hide behind his kingly state.  
For when the prophet of the Lord  
Spoke to him this revealing word,  
“ *Thou art the man ;*” at once his sin,  
Unveiled, before his view, appears ;  
And shame without, and guilt within  
Rise up against him ; when he hears  
A voice that spoke to him alone ;—  
And, circling from the Eternal Throne,  
Told of his sin, without one plea,  
And then, of One who for him stood ;  
And, answering to its penalty,  
Secured his pardon with His blood !  
Oh ! sweeter than the sweetest strains  
Of music on the moonlit sea ;  
The memory of that hour remains,  
When Faith first heard the *Come to Me ;*  
And coming finds the promised rest,

Pardon and peace on Jesus' breast !  
*There only* we begin to see  
The hatefulness of sin ; and flee  
From its control away !  
There, there, repentance unto life  
Reveals its power, with blessings rife,  
As Light reveals the Day !

## XXII.

But does the pardon of our sin,  
Wipe out its *consequences* ? No !  
From its first moment, they begin  
To work their just results ; and flow,  
Unseen as streams beneath the sod ;  
Till from their secret place they rise  
And show, before our wondering eyes,  
How all things seal the Truth of God !  
And Evil soon begins its work,  
In those he deemed most true ;  
And still, new combinations rose ;  
And still, the gatherings of his foes,  
Stronger and stronger grew.  
But that, which wrought the deadliest grief ;  
Which neither solace nor relief,  
From earthly source could gain ;—  
Like spear-head, broken in his side—

That Absalom, his boy, his pride  
Should lead the rebel train !  
Should rise against his father's life ;  
And by this most unhallowed strife,  
Seek to o'erthrow his father's throne,  
And on its ruins rear his own.  
*This* was the deadliest stroke of all ;  
*This* was the thrust that made his fall,  
Sudden ; abrupt ; without relief ;  
And crushed him, 'neath its wordless grief !  
Gone was his kingly look and air ;  
His kingly head was bowed and bare ;  
His kingly state was gone,  
Gone too, the warrior's martial pride ;  
His arm hung powerless by his side,  
And refuge he had none !  
With other foes, a bow of steel  
Might sooner, soft compunction feel,  
Than *he* decline the fray !  
But, when the stroke, that ends the strife,  
Can do so only through *his* life ;  
Heart-sick he turns away—  
Rather be crown and kingdom lost ;  
Than saved by him at such a cost !

## XXIII.

So David flees. A little band  
Loving in heart, and strong in hand ;  
Faithful and tried and true,  
Prepare to follow where he leads ;  
To succor him in all his needs ;  
And bring him safely through !  
And as he flees his followers swell,  
To hundreds, thousands, more ;  
And still, the growing numbers tell  
Of an increasing store  
Of loyal hearts, prepared to bring,  
Back to his throne their lord and king !  
And still the host increases. See,  
That swelling throng ! How reverently  
They press about him ! How his grief  
Makes mute appeal for their relief ;  
As he, by sorrow overborne ;  
With covered head and garments torn,  
Turned from his kingly state away ;  
From home ; and from the sweet array  
Of influences that distill ;  
Gently, as dew on Sion's Hill,  
For those that truly know the Lord,  
And love the treasures of His word !

And so *he* loved the Holy Place ;  
The Ark : the Mercy-Seat ; the Light  
Of glory from the symbol face  
Of the Shechinah ! But the site  
Of all its treasures, now, no more  
Made portion of his kingly store !  
And Zadok answered to this thought ;  
And with a band of Levites brought  
The Ark from its own place to share  
The burdens he was called to bear !  
But now, the Ark would be, to him  
Shorn of its glory. For the light,  
That dwelt between the Cherubim,  
Showed not its radiance in his sight !  
That glorious Sign of pard'ning grace,  
Would show the the hiding of his face ?  
The Mercy-Seat would yield, no more,  
Its gracious counsels as before ;  
But dark and silent now the Shrine,  
That echoed with the voice divine ?  
So, said the king, take back the Ark.  
For, while my path lies in the dark,  
*He*, only *He*, can give me light !  
If I find favor in His sight,  
I shall again, behold His face,  
And worship in the Holy Place.



But, if from me He turn away ;  
And by his dealings, seem to say,  
“*I have no pleasure in thee.*” Lo !  
Here I am : prepared to know,  
And own the pleasure of my Lord ;  
And bow before His Sovereign word !  
And this is Faith—the spirit-rest

Of him that *knows*, but cannot see ;  
That leans upon the Saviour’s breast

In storm as in tranquility ;  
And waits, as for the dawning day,  
Until the shadows pass away :

That lets the blessed sunshine in,

When darkness seems to veil the sky ;  
And ’midst Earth’s deserts, feels within,

The movings of a spring of joy ;  
Which, ’mid the desert’s sands and strife,  
Springs up to everlasting life !

Oh ! not in the Ark, as a Symbol divine,  
Do we meet the rich treasures of truth  
and of grace.

We see them alone, when in Jesus they  
shine,

In that fullness of glory, no mortal can  
trace.

For *He, in Himself* is the fullness expressed

In the symbols that grouped round the  
Ark of the Lord.

And the beams of the beauty on all things  
impressed

Are but shades of the glories that in  
Him are stored !

No. Not in the Ark ! That is only a Sign !

'Tis the God of the Ark, who bestows  
all the power.

And *that* moves the heart, by an impulse  
divine—

As only the sunbeam can open the  
flower !

The shrines of the Temple may glitter in  
gold ;

The rites of the Holy-Place wait on our  
call ;

The riches of art may leave nothing  
untold—

*But one beam of His brightness would  
darken them all !*

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*MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.*

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## THE BLIND WEAVER.

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A Weaver sat at his Loom,  
A blind old man was he ;  
And he saw not one of the Shuttle's  
threads,  
Which he wrought so cunningly ;  
But his fingers touched each line,  
As the pattern before him grew :  
And the sunset gleam of a smile divine,  
Its light o'er his features threw :  
As, plying his work to a slight refrain,  
He sang it over and over again :—  
*Light and Darkness and Shade ;*  
*Shade and Darkness and Light :*  
*We can never tell how the pattern's made,*  
*Till the fabric is turned in our sight !*

And slowly the fabric grew ;  
As his shuttle, from side to side,  
With a cunning turn of his wrist he threw,  
And its lines were multiplied.  
But still, the surface was rough,

And the pattern you could not trace :  
For the threads seemed blindly broken off,  
And showed neither beauty nor grace ;  
But he plied his work, to a slight refrain,  
And crooned it, o'er and o'er again :—

*Light and Darkness and Shade :*

*Shade and Darkness and Light,  
We never can tell what the pattern's made,  
Till the fabric is turned in our sight !*

And thus at the Loom of Life,  
Like that blind, old Weaver, we  
Are working the threads of our own  
designs,  
To a pattern we do not see !  
And still, with a patient love,  
That is wiser far than we know :  
There is One that looks from His Throne  
above,  
And directs the shuttle's throw.  
And spite of our broken threads,  
He is working His Great Design ;  
And the Pattern that seemed unmeaning  
here,  
With a heavenly grace shall shine !  
So, we'll ply our work to the old refrain,

And sing it o'er and o'er again ;  
*Light and Darkness and Shade :*  
*Shade and Darkness and Light*  
*Shall have done their work when the*  
*Pattern's made,*  
*And the Fabric is held up to sight !*

---

## THE RAINBOW.

## I.

Up from the West, dark, sullen, proud,  
It rolled along the sky ;  
The summer's first-born thunder cloud,  
In gloomy majesty :  
And distant mutterings, deep and loud,  
Told that the storm was nigh :  
While the large raindrops' pattering  
sound,  
Seemed to rejoice the thirsty ground !

## 2.

It came at last ; a sudden flash  
Of most bedazzling light,  
To which the Thunder's deep-toned crash  
Responded in its might,

And the rain as it rushed, with sudden  
dash,

Like diamond-sparks grew bright,  
As the the Lightning sent its fiery gleam,  
Athwart the drops of its falling stream.

## 3.

And then it ceased. The setting sun

Shone forth with brilliant ray ;

As if its best work must be done

To crown the closing day.

And heavy drops of dew bent down

Each twig and leaf and spray :

And birds poured forth their songs, to  
greet

The gladsome scene with welcome meet.

## 4.

And as, with the resplendent glow,

The Western Clouds grew bright ;

Athwart the sky, Heaven's beauteous Bow

Rose trembling on the sight ;

And seemed to cast on all below,

A new and heavenly light ;

Which seemed, with radiance more divine,

On all *within its arch* to shine.



## 5.

Sweet Bow of Promise ! As I gaze,  
Upon thy radiant form ;  
I think of Him, whos glory plays  
In light above the storm :  
And makes their iridescent rays  
To His sure word conform :  
More than Philosophy can teach,  
Thou tellest in thy silent speech !

## 6.

And still, as through the changing years,  
The clouds arise in view ;  
The sunbeam, at His word appears,  
To pierce its darkness through :  
And Nature's smiles and Nature's tears  
The gracious pledge renew :  
And bear to distant lands, the Sign  
Of Grace and Mercy all divine !

HOW THE TROUT SWALLOWED  
THE BARBEL ;

OR,

A LETTER TO A YOUNG SCIENTIST.

---

*“There’s mony a fact we ken fu’ weel ;  
But canna tell the reason o’ it.”*

---

DEAR NED :—You Scientists forget,  
That, when explaining Nature’s wonders,  
You need some place in which to set  
Her worshipers’ most flagrant blunders.  
Though as to facts you all agree ;  
There’s anything but harmony  
When you explain them. And for one,  
I scarcely know the vagary  
That was not held in days long gone ;  
—Nay, even named with commendation—  
By those who served the Altar-fire  
Of Science, in their generation,  
And so, Dear Ned, when you aspire  
To tread the path they’ve marked before  
you ;  
And, just to raise a little higher,

The veil of darkness, hanging o'er you ;  
 Pray, don't forget, the facts may be,  
 Precisely as you represent them ;  
 And yet, because you fail to see  
*Some other fact*, undoubtedly,  
 Your most ingenious theory  
 Will fail to state the truth anent them.  
 The facts may be as you've discerned ;  
 And seem a most prodigious wonder.  
 But, when that other fact is learned  
 Your theory will prove a blunder !  
 This is the truth as I would state it ;  
 And now proceed to name and date it.\*

\* A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Professor Owen, at the annual *soiree* of the Leeds Mechanics' Institution, related the following anecdote :—Some of the working scientific men of London with a few others, have formed a sort of club ; and after our winter's work of lecturing is over we occasionally sally forth to have a day's fishing. We have for that purpose taken a small river in the neighborhood of the metropolis, and near its banks there stands a little public house, where we dine soberly and sparingly on such food as old Izaak Walton loved. We have a rule that he who catches the biggest fish of the day shall be our president for the evening. In the course of one day a member, not a scientific man but a high political man, caught a trout that weighed  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., but early in the day he had pulled out a barbel of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. weight. So while we were on the way to our inn, what did this political gentleman do but with the butt end of his rod ram the barbel down the

Some scientists of high renown,  
Wearied with labors in the Town,  
Agreed to lay aside their books,

trout's throat (loud laughter), in which state he handed the fish to be weighed. Thus he scored 4 lbs., which being the greatest weight he took the chair. As we were going away for home a man of science—it was the President of the Royal Society—said to the man of politics, “If you don't want that fine fish of yours I should like to have it, for I have some friends to dine with me to-morrow.” My lord took it home, and I heard no more until we met on the next week. Then, while we were preparing our tackle, the President of the Royal Society said to our high political friend. “There were some very extraordinary circumstances, do you know, about that fish you gave me. (Laughter). I had no idea that the trout was so voracious; but that one had swallowed a barbel.” “I am astonished to hear your lordship say so,” rejoined an eminent naturalist; trout may be voracious enough to swallow minnows—but a barbel, my lord! There must be some mistake.” “Not at all,” replied his lordship, “for the fact got to my family that the cook, in cutting open the trout, had found a barbel inside; and as my family knew I was fond of natural history I was called into the kitchen. There I saw it; the trout had swallowed a barbel full half a pound weight.” “Out of the question, my lord,” said the naturalist; “it's altogether quite unscientific and unphilosophical.” “I don't know what may be philosophical in the matter—I only know I am telling you a matter of fact,” said his lordship; and the dispute having lasted awhile, explanations were given, and the practical joke was heartily enjoyed. And (continued Professor Owen) you will see that both were right and both were wrong. My lord was right in his fact—the barbel was inside the trout; but he was quite wrong in his hypothesis founded upon that fact, that the trout had therefore swallowed the barbel—the last was only matter of opinion.

And try their luck with lines and hooks.  
 In other words, to set about  
 The glorious work of catching trout !  
 So, to the country they proceeded,  
 Supplied with all that most they needed ;  
 And sought both health and recreation,  
 In spending thus a short vacation.  
 They then resolved—those learned men  
 did—

That he, who scored the heaviest trout,  
 Should be adjudged to have ascended  
 —Worthily, too, beyond all doubt—  
 To the first honors won by them,  
 And be their President *pro tem* !

Among their number, there was one, who  
 Loved a joke beyond his brothers ;  
 And who his task had never gone through,  
 Without a laugh upon the others !  
 He was, besides, a politician :  
 And saw, as an astute logician,  
 Whatever Fortune thought of sending,  
 That promised help to gain his end in.  
 And so, he chanced to catch a trout,  
 That weighed some seven half-pounds  
 about ;

A barbel \* too, of half-pound more ;  
And these, combined, would win the score.  
Because a four-pound Trout would be,  
So rare a thing, that really,  
The one that caught it might be sure,  
To him, the honors would enure !  
And so it proved. The Chair, that night,  
Was voted to the Politician ;  
Who made the evening session, bright  
With all the tricks of the Logician ;  
Who scattered story, song and joke,  
About him, in whate'er he spoke :  
Like diamonds when their string is broke !

The four pound Trout had caught the eye  
Of the one Lord our Club possessed ;  
And when its owner, graciously,  
Asked his acceptance of it, he  
Pronounced himself extremely bless'd !

That night the Club adjourned : and when,  
In a few days, they met again,  
A look of most intense surprise,

\* The Barbel—*Barbus Vulgaris*—is a fresh-water fish ; whose upper jaw is furnished with four barbels, or *beard-like* appendages,

Flashed forth from both his Lorship's  
eyes—

“ There's something strange about that  
Trout, Sir.

For, after all that we have heard ;  
I do declare, without a doubt, Sir  
The Trout's carnivorous ! ”

“ Absurd ! ”

Burst forth from all the members, there.

“ Absurd or not, I do declare,  
That, when my Cook prepared the Fish,  
And laid it lengthwise on the dish ;  
I *saw* the Barbel in the Trout !  
And what, from this, can you make out,  
But that he swallowed it ? ”

“ No doubt,

The Fish was there, as you explain !  
But, *how it got there*, must remain,  
A thing unknown ! But then my Lord,  
Was never blunder so absurd,  
As Barbel swallowed by a Trout ! ”

Just then, with merry twinkling eye,  
The Politician made reply :—

“ You see, that I was bound to gain,  
The Presidency of our Club ? ”

But all my hopes of this were vain,  
 Unless—and there came in the rub—  
 I scored the heaviest fish ; and so,  
 As homeward we prepared to go,  
 This little scheme came in my mind—  
*“ The barbel and the trout combined,  
 Would give me every member’s vote ; ”*

’Twas done as soon as it was planned—  
 So, lingering purposely behind,  
 I caught the Trout up in my hand,  
*And rammed the Barbel down its throat !*

And now Dear Ned ! my meaning’s plain.

In every theory, word and act,  
 Would you a sound conclusion gain ?

Be sure you’ve learned that other fact !  
 Because you see, if from the chain

Of your causation, you omit  
 One single link : it’s very plain,

Your argument’s not worth a nit !  
 Grant, that the Barbel’s in the Trout !

But *how it got there*, is the question ?  
 And when you fail to make it out,

Because you have no facts to rest on ;  
 Be sure, not e’en to gain a vote,  
*Don’t ram your Barbel down its throat !*



## SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS.

---

I dropped a Seed in the earth,  
And I could not trace it there ;  
But it grew by the hidden Law of its Birth,  
To a Flowret, sweet and rare.

I struck a Chord in the soul  
Of one who had music within ;  
And it grew to a Song whose sweet control  
Is heard 'mid the world's harsh din !

I breathed a Hope in the heart,  
Of one who was bowed by care ;  
And it grew, like a rainbow out of the  
clouds,  
When the Sun was shining there.

And the Flower is blooming still,  
For the Truth can never die ;  
And the Music is working its own sweet  
will,  
To the fullest harmony !

And the Hope that is born of Love,  
Like the Love can never grow old ;  
But it spreads its wings for its Home above,  
— For its best was never told !

---

### DAILY BLESSINGS.

---

The blessings of our daily Life,  
How manifold they be !  
And how, amid this dark world's strife,  
Their quiet harmony  
Comes, with a sweet persuading power,  
As comes the dew-drop to the flower ;  
Or murmurs of the sea,  
To the tired mariner, at rest,  
In peace upon the Ocean's breast !

From the first moment of our birth,  
While we our lot fulfill ;  
Our passage up and down the earth,  
Is marked by blessings still.  
Countless as dew-drops on the lea ;  
Or sand, tossed by the raging sea,  
They speak His gracious will ;

And on our heads the burdens lay,  
Of blessings we can ne'er repay !

I cannot tell the sweep and range  
Of all these gifts to me ;  
Or estimate the wondrous change,  
The loss of one would be !  
I only know the music deep,  
The low, sweet, full, orchestral sweep  
Of perfect harmony,  
The grateful spirit seeks to bring,  
Of tribute to its Heavenly King !

'Tis good to feel a heavenly birth,  
Though fashioned from the sod ;  
And know that something not of earth,  
Lifts me above the clod !  
To know myself derived from Thee—  
And feel my immortality,  
A part of Thine, O God !  
Whaté'er may other bosoms fill,  
This, this is something nobler still !

And now I seem some marks to trace,  
Of what Thyself must be ;  
Hid ; not obscurely, in the grace,

Of these, Thy gifts to me !  
 Each one is earnest to proclaim,  
 Some syllable of Thy dear Name ;  
 Or fondly speak of Thee :  
 And all combined, show forth Thy praise,  
 And tribute to Thy glory raise.

And thus, as I Thy gifts recount,  
 There's such a boundless store  
 Drawn from Thine own exhaustless Fount ;  
 My cup is running o'er.  
 Free as the air they come to all ;  
 Noiseless as snowflakes in their fall ;  
 And yet Thou *meanest* more ?  
 For ne'er is Thy best blessing found,  
 Till with Thyself, Thy gifts are crowned !

---

## LETTER

FROM MISS KATE ———, TO A YOUNG  
 FRIEND ABOUT THE DARWINIAN  
 PHILOSOPHY.

---

DEAR DOLLY:—Just think now ! It's not  
 so at all !  
 After all we have heard of our loss by the  
 Fall ;

The New Lights of Science now make it  
quite clear,  
That *that's* not the cause of our sinning,  
My Dear !

Papa says, our preachers will now, have to  
change  
The field of their vision, and take a new  
range ;  
For the world has, at last, grown too wise  
to believe,  
That old woman's story of Adam and Eve !

He says Mr. Darwin conclusively shows,  
That Man was not made in his present  
fair shape !

He was not *created*, as some folks suppose ;  
But slowly evolved from the Monkey or  
Ape.\*

\* NOTE.—“ Man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears ; probably arboreal in its habits ; and an inhabitant of the Old World.” See *Darwin's Descent of Man*, Vol. II, p. 372 (*Appleton's Ed.*)

“ In a series of forms, graduating insensibly, from some ape-like creature, to Man as he now exists,” etc. *Ibid*, Vol I, p. 226.

“ The early ape-like progenitor of Man.” *Ibid*. Vol. I, p. 81 and 83, etc. “ Man, alone has *become* a biped.” *Ibid*. Vol. I, p. 135.

But *who made the Monkey*, he could not explain ;

And so, answered sharply, “ Now Kate,  
I must beg,

That you will not expose thus, your folly  
again—

Don’t you know that he came from the  
primitive egg?”

But what that egg came from ; or how it  
was hatched,

Is more than this poor brain of mine can  
conceive.

Or, that the first ovum, like quilt-work,  
was patched

With all shapes of Life, is too much to  
believe !\*

\* NOTE.—It is evident that Miss Kate had not profited by her reading. For, had not Hugh Miller put into the mouth of the Lamarckian Philosopher this comprehensive declaration :

—“ Where that ditch now opens, the generations of the man atop, lived, died, and were developed. *There* flourished and decayed, his great, great, great, great grandfather, the *sea-pen* ; his great, great, great grandfather, the *mussel* ; his great, great grandfather, the *herring* ; his great grandfather, the *frog* ; his grandfather, the *porpoise* : and his father the *monkey*.” *Foot-Prints of the Creator*, p. 219.

There's Father ! I'm sure now that people  
must own,

That he's noble and manly—quite free  
from low sins—

And *his* father and his—why as you go  
down

Pray where ; tell me where ; this new  
process begins ?

It must begin somewhere ! For don't you  
suppose,

If monkeys were given to turn into men,  
We should sometimes fall in with the cases  
of those,

Who were only some *half-way between*  
*them* ? And then—

It would be too funny ! Part Monkey part  
Man !

The one fading gradu'ly off to the other ;  
Till what as the meanest of monkeys began,  
Should end in the silly Miss ——, or  
her Brother !

Perhaps too, it *is* so ! Papa says it's clear.

How else could it be, that the very same  
men,

Should, one day, so noble and manly ap-  
pear ;

And the next taper off into monkey  
again ?

But isn't it awful ? Now, think of it Dear ;

For, just as you're thinking, you're  
something quite fine ;

And how lovely the names of your kindred  
appear,

To find an old ape at the end of the line ?

But Pa says, There's one thing that can't  
be explained ;

One question, to solve which no labors  
avail.

Can you guess what it is ? After all they  
have gained,

*They can give no account of his losing  
his tail !\**

He *had* one—that's certain ! He's lost  
it—that's clear !

\* NOTE.—“ No explanation, as far as I am aware, has been given of the loss of the tail, by certain apes and by Man.” *Darwin's Descent of Man*, Vol. I, p. 144 (*Appleton's Ed.*).



But how he could lose it no one can  
divine !

And so, we must face the conclusion, My  
Dear ;

The facts are too short, at one end of  
the line !

And, Dolly ! you'll hear this with greater  
surprise ;

That Language was not God's great  
gift unto Man ;

For it chanced, that an Ape,\* most un-  
commonly wise,

Was the first who attempted to outline  
the plan !

He *thought* it would be a nice thing to  
achieve

Some signal of danger to tell of the foe !  
And the growl of some beast was the first,  
I believe,

To hint, how from that source a Lan-  
guage might grow.

\* NOTE.—It does not appear altogether incredible, that some unusually wise, ape-like animal, should have thought of imitating the growl of a beast of prey ; so as to indicate the nature of the expected danger. And this would have been the first step in formation of a language." *Ibid.* Vol. 1, p. 55.

It didn't seem much. But as Ape after Ape  
Worked away at the thing, perhaps it  
might be  
That this germ of Language might grow  
to such shape,  
As to please e'en a Shakspeare or Milton  
you see.

And now, Is there anything further required  
To show how these new lights break out  
into flame?

Yes! The truth is that hunger itself was  
*acquired*,  
To give us the pleasure of feeding the  
same! \*

I know it seems strange! But the reason  
for that is,  
You've gone on so long, without using  
the light ;  
That now, when you get all these fine teach-  
ings, gratis,  
You're almost too timid to take in the  
sight ?

\* NOTE. " In the same manner, as the sense of hunger and the pleasure of eating were, no doubt, first acquired ; in order to induce animals to eat." *Ibid.* p. 77.

But as for myself, I must tell you, my dear,  
I mean to hold on to the old-fashioned  
Creed ;

For these New Lights of Science burn  
dimly I fear,  
When set up in seasons of darkness and  
need.

There's nothing that teaches so truly to  
live :

There's nothing that fits us so sweetly  
to die ;

There's nothing such fullness of blessings  
can give,

As the wisdom the truths about Jesus  
supply !

For they arch every lot with a glory divine,  
And a radiance excelling the Bow from  
above ;

As they teach us, in weakness and want to  
recline,

Like a babe on the bosom of Infinite  
Love !

## A LESSON OF FAITH.

## I.

'Twas a cold December morning,  
And the air was filled with sleet :  
And the wind was surging fiercely,  
Down the glazed and ice-bound street ;  
When I heard a gentle tapping,  
Mid the dashing of the rain ;  
As if something asked assistance,  
Tapping on my window-pane !  
*Tapping ; tapping ; gently tapping :*  
*Tapping on my window-pane !*

## 2.

I looked ; and right before me,  
A little sparrow stood.  
And he turned his bright eye on me,  
In mute appeal for food ;  
He was not long in waiting ;  
Nor did he ask in vain !  
For I yearned to help the lone one,  
Tapping on my window-pane :

Tapping ; tapping ; gently tapping :  
Tapping on my window-pane !

## 3.

And I'll think when storms are round me,  
And I shrink before the blast ;  
Of a glorious place of Refuge,  
That will shield me to the last !  
And the sparrow still shall teach me ;  
As I hear the low refrain,  
Of his bold, yet gentle, tapping ;  
Tapping on my window-pane :  
Tapping ; tapping ; gently tapping :  
Tapping on my window-pane !

---

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

---

I'm standing by the old Tree, Ned !  
The same Old Apple-Tree :  
Where you and I together, played,  
When our young life was free !  
And Memory, through the mist of years,  
And wanderings, to and fro ;

Brings back again the smiles and tears  
Of Forty Years ago !

There, is the School-House down the lane ;  
The grove of Chestnuts nigh it ;  
The Stile, the Meadows and the Brook,  
And the old Spring-House nigh it.  
The little Brook runs, rippling, by  
The path we used to go :  
And sings, with silvery tone, its song  
Of Forty Years ago !

The Tree is gnarled and moss-grown,  
Ned !  
That was so vig'rous then.  
For Time, its marks on it has spread,  
As well as on us, men.  
But yet, its blossoms are as bright,  
And make as fair a show,  
As when we plucked them, with delight,  
Just Forty Years ago !

It's strange, that there should be so much  
Of thought's most subtle power,  
Awakened by the electric touch,  
Of this most simple flower !

For there—I pluck it from its bough;  
And now—before I know—  
I'm living o'er again the scenes,  
Of Forty Years ago!

---

## THE DAY OF THE LORD.

---

*“For the Day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night.”*

---

Oh, the Lord will come! Let His saints  
rejoice :

For He cometh to take them Home :  
As they sleep in the dust, they shall hear  
His voice,

When the promised Hour has come.  
They shall rise from the dead, with a noise-  
less tread,

As its accents reach their ear :  
But the world around, shall hear no sound,  
And see no cause of fear.

Oh, to the soul that trusts His Word,  
A glorious hope is the Coming Lord!

The Lord will come as a thief in the night ;  
And His work shall be going on,  
And by those alone that watch for the light,  
Shall his working thus be known !  
From the worldling's side, shall the Chris-  
tian Bride,  
Be noiselessly taken away ;  
And two, at the mill, shall be grinding still,  
And but one shall see the day.  
As Enoch was sought for, but was not found,  
So shall the righteous be :  
For them, on the earth, or under the  
ground,  
No more shall the worldling see.  
From their place of rest, on the mountain's  
crest,  
Or scattered like dust, on the sod :  
With the living saints there, caught up in  
the air,  
To meet with their Saviour and God ;  
Coming to fulfill His Word,  
Oh, a glorious hope is the Coming  
Lord !

The Lord will come ; and there by His  
side,



Shall His waiting people stand ;  
Sharing His state, as His Chosen Bride,  
A bright and a happy band.  
He comes, with the angel's terrible voice,  
With the shout and the trump of God :  
And the heavens are bent in His swift  
descent,  
To the earth, which His feet had trod.  
Oh, Woe to His foes, on that Day of His  
wrath ;  
And Woe to the Man of Sin !  
For Judgment shall swiftly sweep down on  
His path,  
And the Day of the Lord begin.  
And thro' the long sweep of its thousand  
years,  
Shall His glorious reign extend :  
And His Kingdom of Peace shall go on to  
increase,  
Till it's lost in the age without end !  
Oh ! to the soul that slights His Word,  
A fearful thought is the Coming Lord !

“WAIT AWEEL AND DINNA  
WEARY.”

*(Scotch Proverb.)*

---

“*Wait aweel and dinna weary,*”

Though the night be cold and long.  
If the early dawn be dreary,  
Every morn has its own song.  
Winter brings its snows and tempests,  
But they do not beat in vain ;  
Spring and Summer show for answer,  
Smiling flowers and ripening grain.

“*Wait aweel and dinna weary,*”

Though the sky be overcast.  
If the Harvest seems to tarry,  
Thou shalt bind the sheaves at last.  
Sow in sunlight, nothing doubting ;  
Sow in hope of things to come :  
And the Angel Reapers, shouting,  
Soon shall sing the Harvest Home !

## THE CIRCLE OF BLESSINGS.

---

*“ And it shall come to pass, saith the Lord, I will hear saith the Lord, I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth ;*

*“ And the earth shall hear the corn, and the wine and the oil ; and they shall hear Jezreel.”—Hosea ii : 21, 22.*

Creation's a vast Harp ; and all the moods,  
That over it are straying ;  
Are but the echoes of the interludes  
God's Hand on it is playing.

Nought stands alone. Each creature  
makes reply,  
To other creature's pleading ;  
And round the Universe, there floats the cry  
Of all that it is needing.

The silent cry. Its *need* is still, the speech,  
With which it tells its story ;  
And every blade of grass, with this, can  
reach  
The clouds in far-off glory !

The violet whispers with its sweetest smiles,  
Its inmost wants revealing ;  
The sunbeam, journeying on its myriad  
miles,  
Answers their mute appealing.

The Corn stands, priest-like, with uplifted  
hands,  
For needed showers beseeching ;  
The parched Earth responds to its demands,  
In sympathy far-reaching.

The heavens receive their prayer ; and He  
who sits  
Enthroned above their splendor ;  
In His divine compassion, ne'er omits  
The needed aid to render,

And when it comes, *He* sends it. For His  
ear  
Attends their wordless crying ;  
And every creature, in its need, is near  
To Him those needs supplying.

Sunshine and shade ; and storm and dew  
and rain,

Each His Commission bearing ;  
Come as His witnesses, and not in vain  
Are they His power declaring.

Creation thus, with eloquent appeal,  
On God is still depending !  
And all its hidden processes reveal,  
How He His help is sending !

Thus Prayer and Answer ; Need and its  
Supply,  
Like Rainbow colors meeting,  
Circle the Universe, unceasingly  
With God and Nature's Greeting !

Faith looks above ; and in the strong  
appeal,  
All things to God have spoken,  
Sets down, with strong assurance to its  
seal,  
His word can ne'er be broken !

## WAITING.

---

*"I wait for the Lord."*

---

I am waiting, only waiting ;  
Waiting, Lord, to know Thy will.  
Waiting 'mid the clouds and darkness,  
For thy quiet, "*Peace ! be still !*"  
I am waiting, only waiting,  
Waiting, Lord, upon Thee still !

Dark the night has closed around me,  
And I do not see my way :  
But I wait. For Thine appearing  
Turns the darkness into day.  
And I'm waiting—simply waiting—  
Waiting for its faintest ray !

To the hills mine eyes I'm lifting,  
Whence the morning comes to view ;  
And the midnight clouds in drifting,  
Let the struggling brightness through.  
And I'm waiting, only waiting,  
Till its radiance reach me too !

While I wait new vigor fires me,  
Like the Eagle's in its flight :  
And a heavenly zeal inspires me,  
With a sweet, new-born delight :  
And in waiting, simply waiting,  
Darkness kindles into light !

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## THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

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“*Content to shine i' the dark.*”

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It was a splendid specimen of the Evening Primrose.—*Oenothera biennis grandiflora*.—The Gardener had nursed it with great care ; for the Mistress of the House desired to show it, in full beauty, to some friends from the City. And it seemed now to have attained the limits of primrose perfection. For it stood, a large, fully-developed bush, upwards of four feet high, and, with its vigorous branches and dark green leaves, attesting its strong and healthful life !

It was a sight to delight the eye, as the shades of a dewy evening in July, gathered

over the landscape. There it stood, with a score of branches, laden with blossoms, some fully expanded; others preparing to open, as if trembling with joyous impatience; and others again in less advanced stages of growth. See that one! Its gracefully slender cone seems to feel the touch of fairy fingers. Is that a motion? Yes! And a motion you can almost *hear*, as first one calyx springs back, and then, in a moment or two, another and another. Then, one petal of the exquisitely delicate straw-colored flower slightly unfolds, and then another lifts itself up from the circling fold in which it had been wrapped. And then, with deliberate, yet sudden spring, the flower bursts into full bloom—as if an imprisoned spirit had come forth into the free air! What a delicate perfume fills the air! And now the Bush seems alive with conscious Life, and to rejoice in the number and the beauty of its flowers!

But darkness was spreading over the scene. And as it deepened, the voice of one of the Visitors was heard saying, “What is the use of this? Why should



all this beauty be for the night, when no one can see or enjoy it?"

And there seemed to come a soft and tremulous tone as from one of the opening flowers, shaping itself thus :

"Perhaps, it is not so useless after all. There are more creatures to enjoy our beauty than you think. And a thousand eyes are open for us, when yours are shut. And our beautiful Night Moth will hover gently over us, and grow strong with the sweets he will steal from us. And the Moon will see us ; and the Stars will look down upon us ; and we shall see their image in every drop of dew. And better than all this, He who made us what we are, will see us. For He made us to bloom in the night—and it's *pleasant to be always bright for Him !*"

And the Mistress of the House seemed to know the gentle voice, and said, as she lingered a moment by the side of the bush, "The little Flower is truly wise. For, to fill cheerfully and lovingly, the sphere that *He* appoints, is to make the darkest

night pleasant, and the gloomiest lot bright  
with His smile !”

---

## INTIMATIONS.

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“Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that Immortal Sea !  
— *Wordsworth.*

---

It's not alone the thing we see,  
But that which stands behind it,  
That makes the subtle harmony,  
Of Nature as we find it.

The Seen is but the changing hue  
Of what no change retaineth ;  
And Faith but lets the glory through,  
On darkness that remaineth.

It needs two worlds to make the chords  
Of Nature's music finest ;  
And e'en the hints in thoughts and words,  
Attest it the divinest !

By that which is within us, we  
Interpret all without us ;

And by its subtle harmony,  
Make Day or Night about us !

The glory of the sunset sky  
In its most changing splendor,  
Awakens thoughts nor you nor I,  
Nor any one can render !

But in the soul, these thoughts have place,  
As in the Cloud, the Lightning ;  
They come ; they shine ; but leave no trace  
Of all their gentle bright'ning.

The grandeur is not in the storm,  
But in the spirit's feeling ;  
And grace and beauty both conform  
Themselves to its revealing.

For outward things are but the test  
Of what within is moving ;  
And what we are, is half confess'd,  
By that which *they* are proving !

An island in a boundless sea,  
Whose waves are ever sounding  
The deep notes of Infinity,  
Ourselves and all surrounding,

Is what we are, as wond'ringly,  
We question things around us.  
We question ; but there's no reply,  
Beyond the lines that bound us !

And then, as with a sense of wings,  
What strange emotions move us ;  
As Thought ; the callow nestling, springs  
To mount to things above us !

We own the far-off influence  
Our inner-selves revealing ;  
And thrill beneath the subtle sense  
Of Nature's mute appealing !

And thus we stand with two-fold Life,  
Mid hostile demonstrations ;  
Kindred to both sides in the strife,  
By Birth and Inclination !

We feel the touch of Love divine,  
But yield not to its wooing ;  
We see where Truth and Right combine,  
The False and Wrong pursuing !

And never shall we feel the thrill  
Of Truth's best ministrations ;

Till Jesus, with His love shall fill  
Our spirits' inspirations.

Then, when we find Him as our Life,  
We find our True Life in Him ;  
And cease from all our earthly strife,  
To know Him and to win Him !

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## THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

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### I.

Oh ! The Lilies of the field !  
How sweet the truths they yield,  
As they sparkle in the sunshine and the  
• dew !  
How they quiver with delight,  
In the morning's balmy light,  
With a beauty, ever constant ever new !  
How they hide among the grass,  
All unnoticed, as we pass ;  
Till their fragrance shows the place,  
Where they lift their smiling face ;  
And they shine  
With a glory all divine ;

Such as kings in all their splendor never  
knew.

## 2.

Consider how they grow !  
Hid away among the snow  
Not a sign of all their beauty, can we trace !  
For while Winter rules amain,  
With his storm and sleet and rain ;  
Or bends the leafless trees,  
To the moaning of the breeze ;  
They are sleeping, in their own appointed  
place,  
To the moaning and the groaning of the  
breeze !

But the South-wind comes to look,  
By the hedge-rows and the brook,  
For its beauties of the upland and the plain ;  
And they feel its subtle glow,  
Through the yet dissolving snow ;  
And its thrill  
Seems to banish all their chill ;  
And they lift their opening eyes,  
With a sweet and glad surprise  
As they whisper, *We have come to you again !*

## 3.

Consider how they grow !  
For, while Winter's tempests blow,  
They are safe from all the terrors of the  
storm !

But, when its cold and gloom,  
Give place to Spring-time bloom,  
What hand shall safely guard their fragile  
form ?

In the garden or parterre,  
They may bloom in safety. There,  
No traveller's foot may tread  
On the plume,  
As it lifts its tender head  
In the glad anticipation, and the joyous  
expectation  
Of its bloom ;

When its fast approaching birth  
Shall lift it from the earth  
In the glory of its beauty and perfume.  
So, they stand within their lot ;  
And its dangers fright them not !  
For He who bade them grow,  
In their own way makes them know  
He is near ;

And He comes down in the Sunbeam and  
the Dew

The fainting ones to cheer  
And the weakest in their vigor to renew !

## 4.

Consider how they grow !  
And let the truths, they teach  
In most persuasive speech,  
Sink in your hearts and grow,  
Like the bulb beneath the snow  
Preparing for its blooming in the Spring !  
So shall a richer bloom,  
And a heavenlier perfume  
Shed their beauty and their fragrance  
round your way.  
And the peace of God shall shine,  
With a radiance all divine ;  
And from darkness bring the glories of  
the day !



## THE SOURCE OF FULLNESS.

---

*"Of His fullness have all we received."*

---

The Garden was radiant in its loveliness. Every flower that could delight the eye, with its beauty, or fill the air with its fragrance, was there in the fullness of its charms. There was the *Violet*, hiding away among the grass. There was the *Lily*, in its queenly beauty; the *Rose* in its graceful splendor; and the *Achillea*, bending down with its wealth of pure, white, daisy-like flowers. And running vines, and stately plants, and thrifty shrubbery, with flowers of every variety of hue, combined to form a scene, which attracted the gaze of every passer-by!

The Sun was just declining in the West; and his fading beams, rested as if for a parting gaze, on Tree and Bush and Flower, that had rejoiced in his presence through the day.

"How wonderful is this,"—said the Big-

nonia; as having climbed to the top of his Cross-like pole, he rested there his wealth of brilliant orange-colored corollas — a perfect blaze of floral luxuriance and beauty. “How wonderful this is! Some one must have thought of all this! For these flowers could never have made themselves! Some one must have thought it all out! But where *did* he get all these beautiful colors?” And soon a faint and spirit-like voice seemed to rise up from a cluster of sweet-scented violets, near the root of the Bignonia, and said:

“I think just where *you* got yours!”

The Bignonia seemed to shake its clusters of brilliant flowers in great surprise, as it said:

“What is that you are saying, Little One?”

“I was saying,” returned the Violet, “that all the flowers get their colors just where *you* get yours. There is no difference.”

“And where, pray, did I get mine?”

“I think,” answered the Violet, “we all get our colors from the Sun.”

“And what do you know about the Sun ; shut up there, as you are in the grass ? If you could only, just for once, get up here where I am, you might be able to talk about the Sun ! But down there where one can hardly see you,—why the thing is too absurd !”

“I dare say it is,” meekly replied the Violet ; while its blue eye seemed to glisten with the moisture of a tear. “I only know what I have been told by one who knows very well !”

“And what were you told ? And who told you ?”

“Why,” replied the Violet, “as my Mistress comes in the twilight to gather a bunch of my flowers ; I often hear her say, “How wonderful it is that these flowers get their beautiful colors from the Sun !”

“Well,” said the Bignonia, “I hope her knowledge is better than her taste. For she never gathers any of *my* flowers into the bunches, she is so fond of collecting ! But I would like to know how we all get our colors from the Sun ? I

never saw a sunbeam of *your* color, or of the Lily of the Valley, or of the Scarlet Rose, or of the Purple of the Fuschia ! And don't you know how very far the Sun is from us ? Why, I heard young Master read in a Book, that the Sun was ninety-five millions of miles away from us ? Though to be sure, I've not got the faintest idea of what that means ! But it must be a very great way off ? especially down there to you ! And do you suppose the Sun cares, what color you have ; or whether you have any at all ? ”

“ I don't know anything about that,” meekly responded the Violet, “ I was only saying what Mistress said ; and I am sure *she* knows all about it ! And it must be true ; because when its beams come to me in the morning ; something within me, makes me feel that its *my* Sun ; and comes all that long, long way, to tell me what no other flower could understand — because no other flower is the Violet ! And therefore the Sun couldn't be to *it*, what it is to me ! And then a voice within me, cries out ‘ Oh, my Sun ! How beautiful Thou

art !' And that makes me so glad, that I cannot help opening my leaves, to take it all in ; and breathing my thanks in the very sweetest breath, I have ! And Mistress says there is something inside every plant—*Nature* I think she calls it—that makes each one capable of just its own color ; and getting that color from the Sunbeam by somehow working it up into its substance ; and then showing it in its leaves ! ”

Just then, the Youthful Mistress of the House, came by, and stooping down to gather a bunch of her favorite flowers, said, as she placed them in her bosom :

“ You are right, Little One ! The color of every flower, is first in the Sun. And there is something in every plant, that makes it choose that color. And the Flower takes the sunbeam into its bosom—its very inner-self—and works out from them, the sweet breath of the Lily ; the bright hues of the Bignonia ; and the lovely colors of our little Violet ! They were all in the Sun, before they were made the special marks of the Flower. And so,”

she added,—reverently bowing her head, and speaking in a subdued, yet rejoicing voice—“ we who believe in Jesus, find in Him, more than the Flower finds in the Sun. In Him, all fullness dwells. And we are complete in Him ; and draw from Him the grace, we need for every day’s work and duty. *We have it all in Him !*”

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### MY HYACINTH.

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“ Come ! tell me now, whence this Flower stole all this beauty ; or cease your prating.”

---

I held the Bulb in my open hand—  
And it *did* seem hard to understand,  
How, from that rough, unsightly thing,  
A form of glorious life could spring !  
I could trace no outward mark to show  
What wealth of Beauty lurked below ;  
Nor the faintest perfume on the air,  
To tell what fragrance slumbered there !

But I buried it deep ; and o’er its head,  
Stores of richest earth o’erspread.

And I hid it away in a darkened room,  
Shut out for weeks from the Sun and Air ;  
And you could not dream from that mid-  
night gloom,  
That the germ of a Beautiful Life was  
there !  
But the Law of that Life, with its mystic  
power,  
Moved in each part of the future flower ;  
And it soon began, through the soil below,  
Delicate, thread-like roots to throw.  
And it was not long, ere I could tell,  
From the break that came, in the gentle  
swell  
Of the soil above it, that, rising there,  
Was a stem that asked for sun and air.  
And it threw the earth from its delicate  
head ;  
And its roots, in thick'ning clusters spread ;  
And its stem to a stately column grew,  
With swelling buds on its tapering crest ;  
And its perfumed stores of deep'ning blue,  
Were gathering strength in its rounding  
breast.  
And here it stands ! How passing strange,

The power that wrought this wondrous  
change!

That brought this beauty into bloom ;  
That breathed around, this rich perfume ;  
And opened up this glad surprise  
Of Life and Fragrance to mine eyes !

*"Not strange at all !"*—a voice replied,  
Which seemed in its soft and silvery tone,  
To come from the Floweret, by my side—  
*"Not strange at all !"* Its the Life alone,  
Which, lodged unseen, within my breast,  
Sends out these roots ; erects this crest ;  
Breathes out this fragrance ; and displays  
This wealth of beauty to your gaze.  
I cannot tell how this can be ;  
But, Oh ! it is easier far for me,  
To yield this soft, this rich perfume  
Than to slumber on in my living Tomb.  
The Law of my Life explains it all !"

And the sweet, low accents died away ;  
But I heard, as I thought, in their dying  
fall,

A voice, from within, that seemed to say,

"The Flower speaks truth. For, in all  
that live,



Is the unseen germ of blessing or bane :  
And whatever we are, we only give,  
An outward form to that life again.  
Look to it well, that yours may bloom  
Sweetly as flowers that spring from the  
sod ;  
And open its beauty, and rich perfume,  
In blessings to Man, and in praises to  
God !”

---

## SILENT SYMPATHY.

*“Would you desire better sympathy ?”—Shakespeare.*

---

My heart was filled with sorrow,  
And my head was bowed with grief ;  
And I looked, in vain, around me,  
For comfort and relief.  
God forgive me, in my darkness,  
That I saw not what to do ;  
When His loving arms were round me,  
All the same as if I knew !

I did not know who did it,  
For the Form I could not see ;

But an unknown Friend, in passing,  
Laid some violets on my knee.  
And their sweet breath stole around me  
Ere I knew that they were there ;  
And I *felt* their silent presence,  
Both a Blessing and a Prayer !

And the Blessing entered in me,  
In thoughts that whispered *Peace* !  
And the Prayer returned upon me,  
And bade my doubtings cease ;  
For, from their sun-lit faces  
Came a Voice I thought I knew—  
*Will not the God that made us thus,  
Comfort and care for you ?*

---

## THE LESSON OF THE WEED.

A PARABLE.

---

The Gardener was gathering a mess of Strawberries for the Lady of the House ; and smiled in gratification at the display of large and luscious berries which his vines produced. But a shade of irritation passed

over his face, as he impatiently plucked up the weeds, which persisted in growing in the very midst of his choicest plants! As he was thus engaged, a low voice seemed to issue from a strong and vigorous Knot-weed (*Polygonum*), which he had just thrown out on the path:

"Why do you pluck me up and cast me aside so contemptuously?" said the Weed.

"Why do I cast you aside?" replied the Gardener. "Because you are unfit to be here. You are only a troublesome *weed*!"

"But I grew here," answered the *Polygonum*. "I stand in the same soil; grow in the same sun, and share the same nourishment with the plants you cherish so carefully."

"I know that," replied the Gardener, "but what do you give in return? See these berries! How large and rich and beautiful they are; How they repay my care! But *you* are only a miserable weed; a cumberer of the ground; stealing away from them the nourishment I meant them to have!"

"I know I am only a weed: but I *am*

what I was made. I was not asked to choose whether I would be a weed or a strawberry plant. Do you suppose *they* had any choice in the matter at all?"

"Well, candidly, I don't believe they had. They were just made strawberry-plants; and couldn't be anything else."

"Then," said the Polygonum, looking up into his face with the deepest earnestness, "don't you think I deserve some consideration at your hands?"

"*Consideration!* What consideration? What would the Mistress say to me, if I was to take a lot of you weeds along with the strawberries for dinner?"

"And then," said the Polygonum—as if not hearing what the Gardener had said last—"you don't know how hard I have tried to bear just such berries as those: but the harder I try, the bigger weed I get to be!"

"I suppose you do. But the truth is, you know, you can never get to be anything *but a weed*, no matter how hard you try. It's just the inside nature coming out; and yours is the *weed nature* all through;

and you might just as well give up trying to be anything else!"

"Well," said the Polygonum, despondently, "It may be all right, but I can't see the justice of making me what I am, and then punishing me for being so!"

"No. I do not suppose you can. But let me tell you, that the *doom of law* is upon us all. Things low down in Creation are made to represent the condition of beings in the higher ranks of its order. And so it comes to pass that certain things—*weeds* for example—which, by no act of choice *are* what they are, serve in their character and doom as parables of the state and end of beings, who choose the evil and reject the good. And so, hard as your lot may seem, you are really one of the Creator's ministering servants; who shows us, even by His lowliest works that for His higher creatures, there is no honor, but that which springs from a *choice of the good for itself alone!*"

“WE LOVE HIM, BECAUSE HE  
FIRST LOVED US.”

---

*When* did He love us? Who can tell  
What time this “*first*” began?  
Or, to its source trace back the ocean  
swell

Of this great love to Man?  
Before Creation’s birth;  
Or angels o’er this new-made earth  
Shouted for joy; God’s thoughts of grace  
Held then as now, unchanged their place.  
Far back through everlasting years,  
The purpose of His love appears.  
Creation’s work it underlies;  
It reared the earth; it arched the skies.  
*It was*; and all things else appear,  
To make its glorious purpose clear.

*How* did He love us? With a love,  
Like His own nature, full and free;  
Yearning for all who live to prove  
Its fullness everlastingly.  
His Love, diffusive as the Light,  
Acts unrestrained, to scatter Night,

And Sin and Darkness all away.  
You cannot hedge it in, or draw  
Restriction round it. For its law  
Is always, everywhere, to shine,  
In all things free ; in all divine ;  
    And imaged in the perfect day.  
For when in grace to Man He moves  
His *nature* acts : His nature loves.  
Loves like Himself, prepared to give  
    Himself in blessing to the lost,  
Their guilt and ruin to retrieve ;  
    And save them at whatever cost !

*Why* did He love us ? Oh ! as well,  
May we the Morning's secret tell !  
For, as the Light responsive springs  
    To turn the darkness into day ;  
Love, conscious of our wanderings,  
    Goes forth to meet us on our way :  
Enters our lost estate and brings  
Life and Salvation on its wings.  
It seeks not from our ill desert,  
    To save itself from toil and cost ;  
But stoops, e'en to its deadly hurt,  
    If thus it may redeem the lost ;  
Carries our griefs ; unmurmeringly

Charges itself with all our loss ;  
 Anticipates Gethsemane,  
 And walks unflinching to the Cross !  
 And thus He loved us. Thus the Law  
 Of His great love is still to draw  
 All creatures to Himself that He  
 The source of their true life may be !

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## THE CONNECTICUT FARMER'S PROTEST AGAINST THE MUM- MERIES OF RITUALISM.

---

Draw it mild ye High Church fellers !  
 Ye're a hi flutin set,  
 Ef ye think we'll blow your bellers,  
 Jest to hev you'r irons het.  
 Folks 'ud think to see you Sundays,  
 Sucking doves warn't sweeter'n you !  
 Them as chance to meet you Mondays,  
 Hev to change their pint o' view.

Wot's the use of genyflexions  
 Ef the heart stands bolt upright ?  
 Better 'tend the Lord's directions,



Kind o' humbly in His sight !  
Priests and altar cloths and candles,  
Albs and chasubles and stoles ;  
Wot's the use of sich-like fixins,  
In the work o' savin souls ?

*Ef* ye saves 'em ? That's a pint on  
Wich there's lots o' folks like me,  
Find theirselves quite out o' jint on,  
All as touches that idee !  
'Cos it's jest es true as preachin'  
Thet ye're Ritchelistic ways ;  
Don't find no support of teachin'  
In the twelve Apostles' days !

You bet Paul warn't ketched intonin'  
When men axed, Wot shall we do ?  
It might cost him stripes or stonin'—  
'Twern't no matter ! Clear and true  
Cum forth his answer—allus tight'ning  
On men's consciences an' pride ;  
Them as was afeard o' lightnin',  
Found they hed to stand aside !

You don't fix things that ere fashion :  
Hev ye grit enough for that ?

Introits ; abserlutions ; crossings ;  
*Them's* the things ye fix up pat !  
 Wall, ye might ez well knock under—  
 Cos ye've got to learn a power,  
 Ef ye think sich home-made thunder  
 Ever'll turn our skim-milk sour.

And ye boast that ye can mount up,  
 To the 'postles' times agen,  
 By the links that some folks count up—  
 —Don't hang much by that ere chain.  
 Coz it's clean agin all reason,  
 That the grace o' God can be  
 Tuck as some folks take the measles ;  
 From the hands of A. to B.

Tain't the way God makes His Preachers.  
 Paul warn't made so, nor was John.  
 An' they head a line o' teachers,  
*Ye* haint much improved upon.  
 Think o' *them* in lawn and satin  
 Bishop's sleeves, an' chairs o' state !  
 Guess the things *ye* seem so pat in,  
 Wouldn't pass with them for great.

Yet, ye be *the True Church*—be ye ?  
 And with angry thoughts pursue,

Them as tell the old, old story,  
 'Coz they foller not with you.  
 Jest ye ask our Nance that question—  
 Gosh if she don't make ye see  
 There's no mite o' ground to rest on,  
 For sich Romanish idee.

Summon back the Lord's first preachers ;  
 Let *hem* answer that ere claim,  
 Call the Martyrs for your teachers,  
 Ez they feel the scorchin' flame ;  
 An' with trumpet tones they'll tell you,  
 That the Church of Christ must be,  
 —Like the Lord thet died to save it—  
 One, unbroken unity.

Not in outward rites an' shaders ;  
 Not in outward eny thing ;  
 By the unseen grace that gushes  
 Down, from Life's eternal spring.  
 One, in hope of coming glory ;  
 One, in Faith thet works by Love ;  
 One, in thet same old, old story  
 Of the Lord's Incarnate Love !

Ho ! ye Ritchelistic teachers !  
 Set the trumpet to your mouth ;

Ring it out like all Creation,  
East an' West an' North an' South—  
Let yere livin' members hear it,  
Tell it o'er yere sleepin' dead,  
It's a Livin' Faith that jines us,  
Onto Christ, the Livin' Head!

By the martyr-fires that light you,  
Ez ye trace the ages back ;  
By the glorious names thet greet you  
All along your onward track ;  
Cast away your Romish fixins,  
Ez ye did in early youth--  
And with all true hearts around you  
Strike for God Almighty's truth !

---

“AS THE FATHER HATH LOVED  
ME, SO HAVE I LOVED YOU.”

---

“Where shall the wearied soul find rest,  
Or consolation when distress'd?  
Who, who amidst its deepest grief,  
Can bring it sure and sweet relief?”

Thus, to myself, I said one day,  
As suffering, on my couch I lay :  
Sickness without, and grief within  
Lay on me as a chastening rod :  
And doubts and fears, and clouds of sin,  
Seemed to shut out the face of God :  
When, sweetly as a voice from Heaven,  
These words unto my soul were given :—

Wearied Soul! by sin oppressed,  
Come, the Saviour's fullness prove ;  
Lean thy head upon His breast :  
Listen to His words of love :—  
Canst thou tell the wondrous height  
Of the Father's love to Me ?  
Knowest thou of its deathless might ?  
*Such is that I have for thee !*

Thou wert precious in My sight,  
Ere the world from nothing came :  
Then, in thee I took delight,  
And I called thee by thy name,  
Do not think thou art forgot ;  
On My heart thy name I bear ;  
And, in every future lot,  
I will make thy wants My care.

When the storm is passing by,  
I will hide thee 'neath My wing.  
And, when thou art called to die,  
Home, at last, I'll safely bring.  
Cast away thy doubts and fears ;  
Thou, My faithfulness shall prove ;  
And, when sight is dimmed by tears,  
Trust the fullness of My love !

I heard these words. And as the light  
Breaks in to let the glory through ;  
At once, out of my spirit's night,  
*He* seemed to rise before my view !  
Oh ! never can that vision fade  
Out of my sight ! In light or shade,  
Its heavenly radiance seems to play  
In rainbow beauty, o'er my way.  
And all around, beneath, above,  
Echoes His words of perfect love !

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THE INNER NATURE REVEALING  
ITSELF.

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A PARABLE.

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*"Make the Tree good, and his Fruit good."*

*"The engrafted word."*

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There are myriads of voices, floating all around us. They come from all things that are—though like the voices of the stars, they have never been framed into human speech! Shall we ever be wise enough to interpret them? They would teach us many a lesson if we were!

I was strolling with a couple of female friends, in the very early twilight of a lovely autumn evening, through the orchard of a friend, with whom I was spending a short vacation. The orchard itself was young and thrifty, abounding in the finest fruit. Two trees especially, arrested our attention, and before I was aware, my friends had plucked an apple off one of the trees, and proceeded to taste it.

Now, it so happened, that this tree was a very vigorous, native Crab, and its fruit, therefore, everything that such fruit could be. In other words, it was most intensely bitter. The scene that followed was by no means complimentary, either to the fruit itself, or to the beauty of expression in the faces of my two friends, as they hastily cast away the apples, and strove to regain the calmness they had so unexpectedly lost! Lingering a little behind, as they passed on to the house, the leaves of the tree seemed to shake with tremulous emotion, and a low desponding voice from the heart of the tree itself, exclaimed, "There it is again! There's no use in my trying! I might as well give it up!" And a clear, musical voice, from the Golden Pippin, by its side, said, "What might you as well give up?"

"Why, I might as well give up trying to make good fruit," replied the Crab-tree. "For *the harder* I try, *the sourer* my fruit gets to be! You saw how it was just now? People pluck my fruit, and the moment they begin to eat, they spit it out, and



make all kinds of wry faces—just as those two silly girls did, a moment ago! It's hard, too, for they pluck *your* fruit, and say, '*How fine that is!*' And I'm sure, you don't try any harder than I do."

"No, I do not. Indeed, I don't try at all. *My best fruit just comes!* But would you believe it? My apples were once just like yours! And many's the time I've laughed at the ugly faces they made—just as those two girls did now—on tasting them. I wasn't a bit sorry about it!"

"That may be. But you mustn't expect me to believe that your fruit was ever like mine! Anyway *I* can't make Golden Pippins out of a Crab-Apple tree!"

"No more can I; and so it was not my work at all. It all comes of the Grafting!"

"*Grafting?* And what do you mean by that?"

"Well, you see, one day the Master came, and cut off all my best branches, leaving me only a few, just to breathe through. Then he put a little cutting or cion of the Golden Pippin into the stump

of each branch he had cut off; closed up the wound as carefully as he could, and put some wax—*grafting wax*, I think he called it—all round it, and then, tying some bandages round that, left me just so! Oh! but I was a sorry-looking thing just then! All my best branches, that I was so proud of, cut off, and nothing but the bandaged stumps, sticking up, as if I wanted people to see *them*! You may be sure I felt bad enough! For how was I ever going to do anything a decent tree ought to do? And these wounds, would they ever heal up? Should I ever bear blossoms and fruit again? For if my fruit *was* sour, it was the best I knew how to bear. And I tried hard enough to make it better; just as you are trying now. But, after a while, the Master came to examine the grafts, as he called them. And he said to his little son, Charlie, these grafts have all taken, and we'll have fine fruit here in a year or two! Now I did not know what he meant by the *grafts having taken*—or what they had to take—but what he said about *the fruit*, I understood well enough. *That* was coming after a while.

Well, he watched me very carefully: and now, you see it's come just as he said. For those little grafts have all grown to be fine, large branches; and every year fruit comes just as you see it now. Oh! it's a great thing to be grafted!"

"But I don't see how all this helps me," said the Crab Tree very mournfully. "I can't graft myself, you know!"

Just then, the Master came along, followed by the Gardener, to whom he said, *That's the Tree I was talking to you about.* I believe now I'll not cut it down, as I was thinking of doing; but just mark it for grafting in the early spring. It's a young and vigorous tree, and may do me good service yet!"

And the Crab-Tree shook its branches in tremulous delight, at the thought of being *good at heart*, at last; and of proving its goodness by the good fruit it would then be able to bear!

## COMMUNION.

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*“ An ye commune much with a donkey, ye’ ll just be a donkey your ain sel.”*

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No creature stands alone. And all the  
finer  
Its inner life may be  
To that extent the higher and diviner,  
Its need of sympathy.

For what is sympathy ; but the communion  
Of things that are of kin ?  
That feel the touch of that mysterious  
union,  
Which makes them one within ?

The sunbeam lavishes its wealth of treasure,  
Upon the way-side stone.  
It has no wants ; knows neither pain nor  
pleasure,  
And so remains alone !

But to the flowers, it makes the same  
appealing ;

And to its mute caress,  
They answer back ; to the same sun re-  
vealing  
Their wealth of loveliness !

Sparkling with dew-drops, see the violet  
raises  
Its crest in mute delight ;  
Singing in low and perfumed breath the  
praises  
Of Sunbeam and of Night !

*With both it holds communion ;* now re-  
vealing  
Whate'er they can bestow ;  
Then, in the fullness of its nature, living  
The gifts that from them flow !

The sunbeam came on its long journey  
seeking  
To draw it from the sod !  
And it replied in tearful silence, speaking  
Its gratitude to God !

The lute's strings answer in their low  
vibrations,

To sounds from other strings ;  
And spirit makes reply to inspirations,  
From unseen, heavenly things !

There is a subtle aura floating round us,  
Whose wave-like influence  
Connects us with the unseen worlds that  
bound us,  
Through every door of sense !

Man, beast, bird, insect feel its soft appeal-  
ing .  
Which comes to them from far :  
But oft its touch by stronger power con-  
cealing,  
As daylight hides the star.

For Nature is the key-board, and it ranges  
Through all created things ;  
And we but dimly comprehend the changes,  
That sweep across its strings.

*We are not now in tune.* The limitations ;  
The broken strings ; the strife ;  
Will all be lost in the full revelation,  
Of Him who is our Life !

We shall be like Him then. Our spirit  
tension

No tuning shall prolong!

All shall be lost in the full grand ascension  
Of our immortal song!

Nature shall then be born ; her powers  
expanded,

Long locked up in the night,

Undreamed of, unsuspected—now re-  
manded

To service in the light !

So as a prelude, gentle intimations

From earth, from air and skies,

Seem to foretell the richer inspirations

That shall from all things rise,

When the full song of a restored Creation

Around, beneath, above,

Shall blend its notes in varying illustration

Of Jesus and His love!









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